INFORMATION FILE

ART

The MENTOR

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LITERATURE

JULY 1923

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Painting by Albert Edelfelt

"ON THE SEA"

THE STORY OF FISHING AND FISHERMEN

GRAVURE PICTURES OF SEA LIFE

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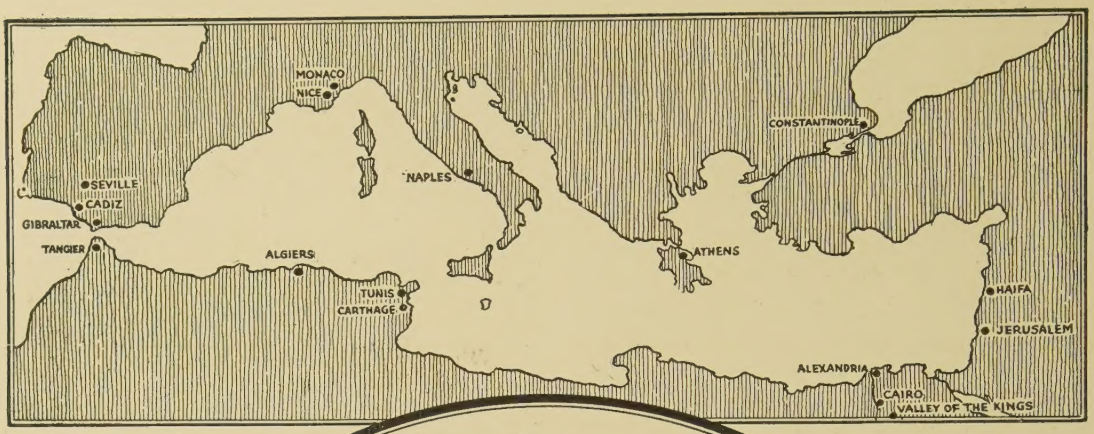

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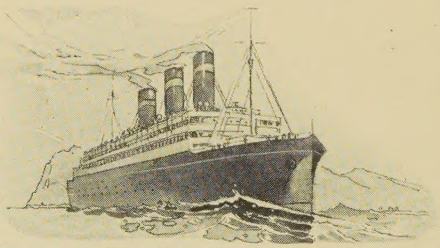

THOS. COOK & SON

245 Broadway **561 Fifth Ave.**

NEW YORK

Boston **Philadelphia** **Chicago** **San Francisco**
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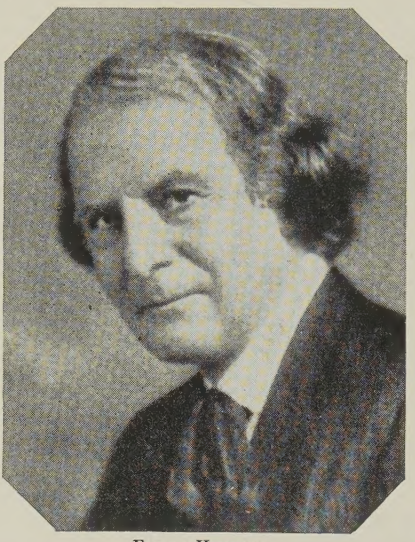
Elbert Hubbard's "Message to Garcia"

Thought by many to be the most stimulating piece of inspirational literature ever written



ELBERT HUBBARD

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As a writer Elbert Hubbard stands in the front rank of the Immortals. One of the ablest writers in America, Ed Howe, called him "the brightest man in the writing game."

Few businessmen have left institutions that reflect as much credit upon their founder, and yet The Roycroft Shops were launched primarily to demonstrate his philosophy that "Art is merely the expression of a man's joy in his work."

No public speaker who gave the platform his whole time appeared before as many audiences in the course of a year as this businessman and writer.

Where did Elbert Hubbard find the inspiration for carrying on his great work? It is no secret at East Aurora. It was derived from his own little pilgrimages to the haunts of the Great.

Little Journeys to the Homes of the Great

Fourteen years were consumed in the writing of the work that ranks to-day as Elbert Hubbard's masterpiece. In 1894 the series of "Little Journeys to the Homes of the Great" was begun, and once a month for fourteen years, without a break, one of these little pilgrimages was given to the world.

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Following Hubbard's tragic death on the "Lusitania" in 1915, announcement was made from East Aurora that the Philistine Magazine would be discontinued. Hubbard had gone on a long journey and might need his "Philistine." Besides, who was to take up his pen? It was also a beautiful tribute to the father from the son.

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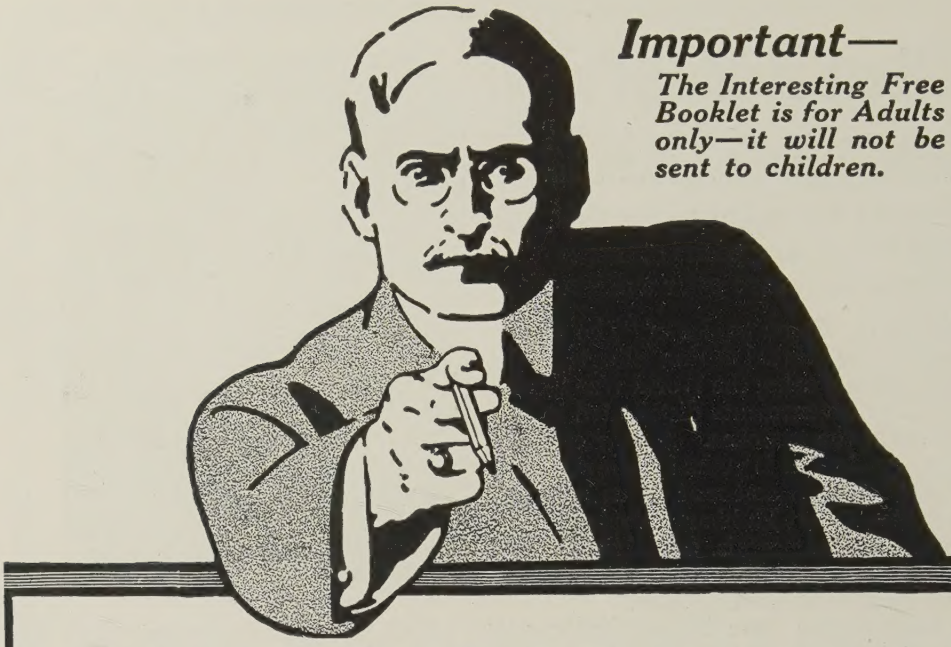

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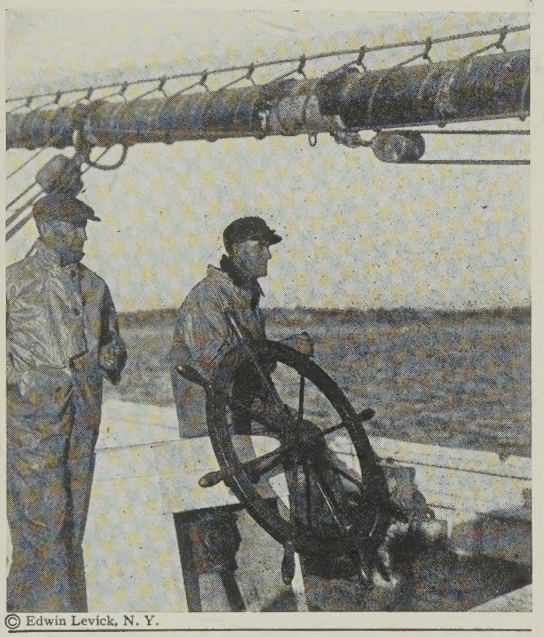
FISHING AND FISHER-FOLK

BY JOHN D. WHITING



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GLOUCESTER MEN

Splendid types of the sturdy men who sail out of Gloucester in all weathers, fair or foul, to fish off the Newfoundland banks

THE *Epic of Fishing: How men, for centuries, have toiled in the deep waters and dragged them for food; heroic men, sons of the sea, hardy, grim, and venturesome, with viking strength and courage. This is their story—and the story of fish industry and commerce—fishing for food, fishing for a living, and fishing for big adventure.*

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RETURNING WITH A CATCH

A fishing schooner—all sail set with "kicker" helping—beating back to port with hopes of reaching it in time for the early market

INFORMATION FILE

The MENTOR

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NO. 245

JULY, 1923

FISHING AND FISHER-FOLK

The Story of Fishing from Its Beginning

BY JOHN D. WHITING

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ON THE SEA OF GALILEE

To this day, men following in the footsteps of Peter and Andrew put out on Galilee to return sometimes with the lament, "We have toiled all night and caught nothing"

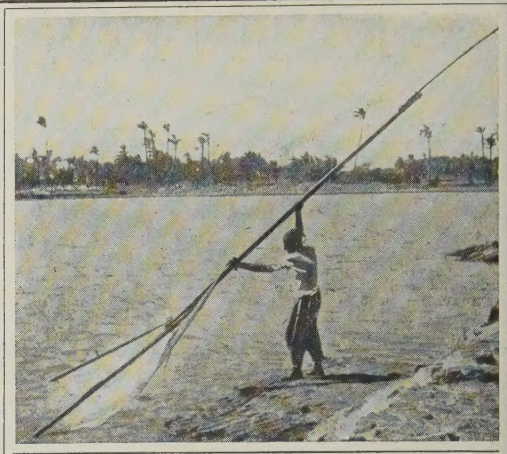
Fishing is as old as is mankind, and written history does not go back to its beginnings. The most ancient records refer to fishing as an old established thing.

The Old Testament speaks familiarly of fish-hooks, and compares a woman's eyes to fish pools. Fishermen played an important part in the life of Egypt six thousand years and more ago. The paintings on Egyptian tombs show fishermen at work using drag-nets, hooks, and lines, and also bronze harpoons. The Red Sea, the Nile, and the artificial lakes gave employment to a host of dark-skinned fishermen, and supplied sea food for all the tribes of Egypt. For the trick of drying and curing fish—something not evolved in Europe till the fourteenth century—was known to these remarkable narrow-headed Africans some six thousand years ago!

The tribes along the upper Nile each had their "sacred" fish, and when tribal wars occurred it was quite "the thing" to catch and eat the fishes worshiped by a foeman's tribe. The Egyptians were not deep-sea fishermen. Their boats were not built for rough and windy waters, and it is thought that they seldom ventured far from land. They were, primarily, lake and river men—"tenderfeet" compared to the rugged sea rovers of more recent times.

One part of the story of the fishermen is flooded with the brightest light of history. That is where Christ found his first disciples among the fishermen of Galilee. This was not an accident, but a natural outgrowth of the character developed in the type. Living in the open all year round, where "the infinite sky is mirrored in the vast and changeful sea," a man becomes patient, humble, simple, open-hearted. Their lives are a continual venture, a mortal risk, and grim hard labor, with little relief—and the end is often tragic.

When Christ brought the fishermen of Galilee the "miraculous draught" of fish, they were dragging from their boats a great sunken net, bringing the ends of it together as they neared shallow water. You can see this done to-day in the sky-blue waters of Galilee. There has been no change of method in these nineteen hundred years. All over the civilized world the same thing is true; we have no important tool of the fisher's craft —with the one exception of the trawl-net—which was not known in the days of Christ.

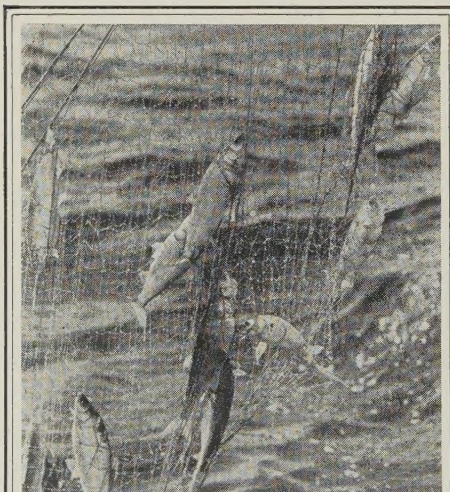


AS THEY FISHED IN PHARAOH'S TIME

And as they still do on the Nile to-day. Fishing is carried on with lines and nets just as it was four thousand years ago

The classic Greeks were splendid fishermen and, living on mountainous islands, where farm land is scarce, sea food had a prominent place on their bill of fare. Thunnies (now called tunny) were the staple of their diet—big fish, weighing sometimes quite a thousand pounds. The Greeks and Romans caught them by a most unpleasant method. They would drive a school of thunnies into harbors or lagoons and there beat the fish to death with harpoons and clubs. The Italians, in Sardinia, still practice this brutal method on the unhappy thunnies of to-day.

The Greeks and Romans caught a great variety of fish, including cod, mackerel, whiting, perch, and many other kinds that still grace our modern dinner tables. The Romans were never remarkable as fishermen, considering the tremendous coast-line they commanded. But with the decay of the empire—where men had lived on captured wealth and food given free by the state—the Italians began to look to the sea for a living. To-day, over twenty thousand fishing boats hail from Italian ports. And such boats! What a blaze of warm and mellow colors, with their striped hulls and orange patched sails on a sky-blue ocean!



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CAUGHT IN THE NET

A common sight when a fisherman strikes a lucky ground. Net after net, heavy with fish, is pulled aboard to be rushed to the markets along the coast

The deep-sea fishermen of medieval times were a rough breed, primitive and very superstitious. But they kept sailing farther and farther from land, and their tarry nets sounded all the ocean depths

© U. & U.

SCENE ON LISBON'S WATER FRONT

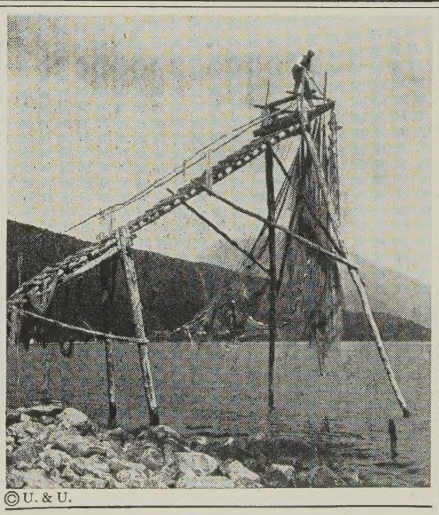
The frail Portuguese fishing boats worm their way through the harbor shipping, slide their noses on the sloping stone-paved beach, and droop their red-brown sails. And then, amid a forest of masts, a babel of voices rises as the boats are unloaded and the day's catch sold

of Europe. They fished in advance of the traders and "skirmished ahead of the Church," naming islands, rocks, and shoals hitherto uncharted. They discovered fishing grounds of enormous value, and their work began to be a factor of importance. Kings and parliaments made laws to regulate their actions, and so settle sharp disputes over fishing rights.

For centuries the Norwegian vikings were the greatest fishermen of Europe. That was before they turned to piracy and war as more varied and amusing than hooking codfish. These superb sailors who conquered half of Europe are another proof that deep-sea fishing is the cradle of sea power, the best training for the navies of the world.

The viking boats were strong and yet of graceful, "speedy" lines. Double-bowed like canoes, they were broad of beam and had easy buoyant "run" at bow and stern. The hull was painted in horizontal stripes, and the one square sail was decorated, too, in gorgeous hues, with sea-serpents, stars and moons, etc. A viking fleet on the greenish-gray North Sea looked like a royal pageant.

Norway and Sweden still have off their coasts some of the richest fishing regions in the world. Cod in enormous numbers, mackerel in legions, herring in large but spasmodic migrations make those lovely northen seas a fisherman's paradise. Norway alone has caught more than thirty-five million mackerel in a single season, and every year she exports great quantities to England. The viking race, blood of Olaf and Leif Ericson, has not forgotten how to handle boats or capture fish, and now, a thousand years since the vikings "got religion,"



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FISHING IN A NORWEGIAN FIORD

Typical of the temperament of the Nordic race. Compare this solitary fisherman surrounded by austere grandeur with the gay group under summer skies pictured above

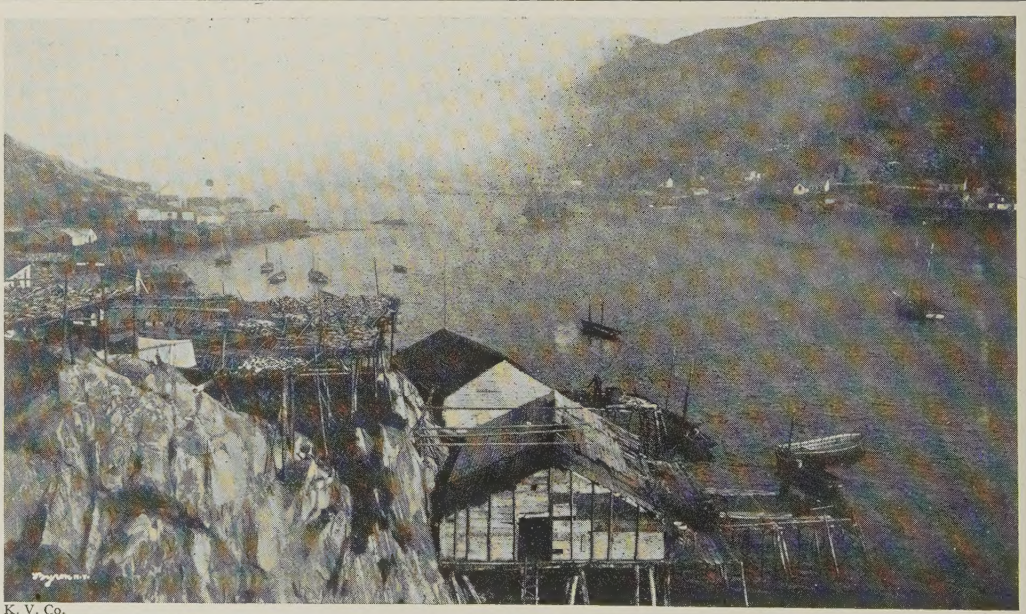
it boasts a host of able fishermen, "tall like their ships, with the sea in their eyes and the brine on their lips."

And how about the women? Many Scandinavian fishwives share the heavy work and peril of their husbands' lives. Their yearly record is as good as that of the men, but more of them are lost at sea. They lack the "inherited power" which makes their blond brothers as much at home in small boats as in their mothers' laps.

The seas around the British Isles fairly swarmed with herring away back in 1295, when Edward the First (that most English of all English kings) kindly gave the Dutch permission to catch fish off Yarmouth. As the herring trade grew to mammoth proportions, it became a bone of international contention, and England lived to rue that easy-going promise made by her manly but short-sighted king. She lived to see her navy fighting for its life against a nation whose supremacy was built on herring!

But that very navy was manned mostly by her fishermen, who have been more than once the iron shield of England.

A herring—when it is pickled—can be kept and sold to distant markets, and that was the secret of Dutch prosperity. She owed it to the genius of an Englishman—William Belkinson by name—who rediscovered the old Egyptian trick of curing and pickling fish. To this invention the British Government was indifferent, but the Dutch—always shrewd business men—grasped



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A PORT OF MISSING MEN—ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND

Many a "banker" has sailed out of the bottle-shaped mouth never to be heard of again. Grim walls and drifting fog contribute to the haunting note of gloom. Along the water's edge are straggling "cod flakes," where the fish are cured. The Great Banks of Newfoundland, six hundred miles long and two hundred miles wide, lie a day's sail to the south. Frequented by hardy fishermen of all the world since the island's discovery in 1497, these incalculably rich fishing grounds laid the foundation of the empire won by England in the New World

the possibilities of enormous profit and adopted Belkinson at once.

By the end of the fifteenth century the Dutch were selling pickled herring to the rest of Europe at the rate of twenty million dollars' worth a year! This in addition to the fish consumed in Holland. Truly, Dutch prosperity was mostly made of fish, and Holland's "toilers of the sea" were of vital value to the nation. Each year they drew more wealth from the sea than France or England could produce by all their manufactures! However, the "lion's share" of Holland's herring trade has passed into the hands of the British, who now catch nearly two billion herrings a year. Belkinson's herring cure, after many years, came home to the island of his birth.

© K. V. Co.

SOON TO BE DRIVEN FROM THE SEA

A full-rigged ship—a whaler—being towed out of New Bedford on a last great adventure in search of the sperm whale. One hundred years ago, American ships such as the *Wanderer* covered the Seven Seas. Those were the days of "wooden ships and iron men," instead of the modern era of "iron ships and wooden men"

Henry the Eighth was still marrying and disposing of his wives when daring fishermen from Britain and the continent crossed the Atlantic to try the waters of the new-found world. And it was off Newfoundland, amid fogs, shoals, and icebergs, that they struck the best cod-fishing grounds they'd ever known. The French and Portuguese began to swarm across the ocean, mostly in pinnacles of some fifty tons. Flush-decked boats they were, without the great high bulky sterns, but otherwise rigged much like the galleons and caravels of the great Spanish Armada. It must have taken "grit" to cross the unknown ocean in those clumsy, leaky boats. The voyage took several months at best, and these poor fishermen often ran out of food or of drinking water, dying in their cramped quarters while their square-rigged boats rode out the long gales and mountainous seas.

In 1607, Henry Hudson sailed from London in the old ship *Hopewell*, with a crew of only ten. Aiming to find a northwest route to China, he happened on the famous Greenland whaling grounds. "Right" whales had been hunted for five hundred years by the hardy fishermen of Spain's Basque provinces, but they were becoming scarce, and whale products, oil and bone, were in demand in Europe. Fancy, then, the delight of these Englishmen when the

seas around their ship became alive with monsters larger than the Spanish whales, and in far greater numbers.

The British tried to "corner" the Greenland whale trade, but a whale isn't easily concealed, and the Dutch were soon up there in force. They succeeded, in fact, in beating out all rivals, and Dutch ports soon overflowed with whale oil. By the year 1670, Holland was getting nearly eight hundred whales a year, a record to be beaten later by our Yankee whalers from New Bedford.

Brown Bros.

SNOW, TOO, HAS TO BE FACED

When snow, sleet, and ice are added to the normal discomforts of life on a fishing smack, conditions become unbearable except to those that have earned the title "salts"

The implements and methods of fishing, as we know, have hardly changed since the earliest times. The one great change has been the use of the trawler, which was an English innovation. The trawler tows a great, funnel-shaped trawl-net so arranged as to be a perfect trap for fish. The upper edge is floated on a horizontal beam and the lower edge—or "ground rope"—sweeps the ocean bottom. The reliable speed of steam trawlers and the great size of the nets they can tow has resulted in hauls of enormous quantity and value.

But the world will always remember British trawlers for the "fish" that they caught during the great war—hostile mines and lurking submarines. There is nothing finer in the story of the fishermen than the way these poor, rough men, without uniforms, publicity, or fame, labored night and day at the risk of instant death to sweep the seas of their hidden terrors. Splendid service in clearing the "undersea blockade" was given by England's "silent navy"—her hardy, unprotected fishermen.

The French are devoted fishermen. Nearly fifty years ago they were sending over four hundred ships a year to the codfish grounds off Iceland and Newfoundland. Off Newfoundland, France was one of the first comers, and still has a good-sized fleet, based on the French island St. Pierre. But the ships she sent were mostly time-worn barks, not quite fit for the long and stormy crossing, and grim tragedies of ships and men gone down mark the story of old France on our fishing grounds.

Thousands of fishermen from Normandy and Brittany compete with their northern rivals on the herring grounds. They are splendid fishermen, but, here again, are handicapped by lack of first-rate boats. Their vessels are not fitted to accommodate large hauls of fish and bring them home in good condition for the market.

Nets are the Chinaman's favorite lure, and they are very intricate, including all the kinds we know and many more besides. But his most distinctive method is to get a bird—the cormorant—to do his fishing for him.*

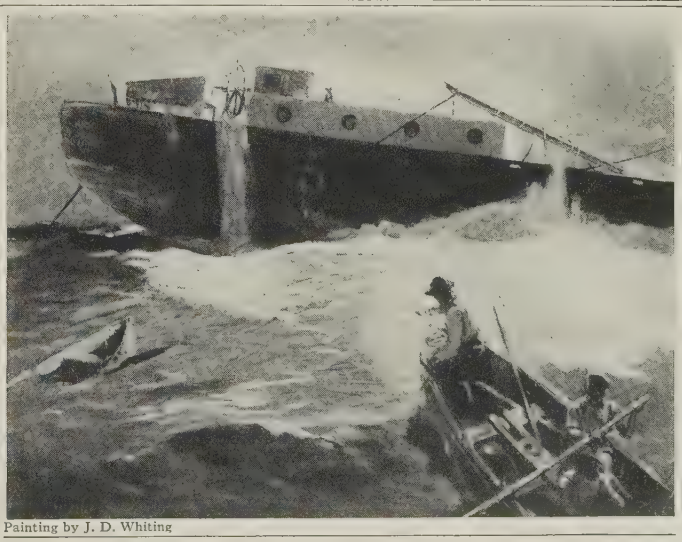
Across the Yellow Sea lies that island empire whose whole population lives mainly on fish, rice, and fruit. Just imagine the amount of fish consumed by over forty million people who have no other flesh food! The Japanese islands swarm with fishermen; there are nearly eighty thousand just in Nagasaki! And, on the average, two thousand die each year in the sudden storms that burst upon those island shores. Bonito and tai are the most important of their catches, but they bring home in their picturesque boats an enormous variety of oriental "flappers."

It is interesting to reflect that the great Japanese navy, now the third largest in the world, could not have sprung into effective being with such dramatic speed unless manned by deep-sea fishermen. For Japan was still a hermit nation without a foreign trade of any size, and the fishermen that thronged her coasts were the only deep-sea sailors that she had.

On the smaller islands of the vast Pacific naked brown-skinned natives fish with uncanny skill. The Solomon Islands, in particular, have a most interesting variety of method. Net and hook and line are used in every conceivable way, but the native genius is most conspicuous with those good old stand-bys, the spear and bow and arrow!

From a pier-like structure built out into the water the natives hurl their spears at gliding shapes below them, and so keen are their eyes, so well tuned are their nerves, that a spear rarely fails to pierce a scaly victim. Shooting fish with bow and arrow is even more of a feat, one which seems impossible to a European. But these supple islanders do it.

Bonito and makasi are the largest fish which are caught in any numbers by the natives. The bonito is about as large as a man, and puts up a lively fight before it will surrender. If hooked it has to be afterward speared, and it requires two men,



Painting by J. D. Whiting

THEY WENT BACK FOR THE DOG

Dogs feel at home aboard ship, and their devotion to their shipmates is no greater than the crew's attachment to the boat's mascot. A mongrel pup has saved a ship by scenting approaching disaster, and many a ship's company has risked life and limb to save their four-legged "matie"

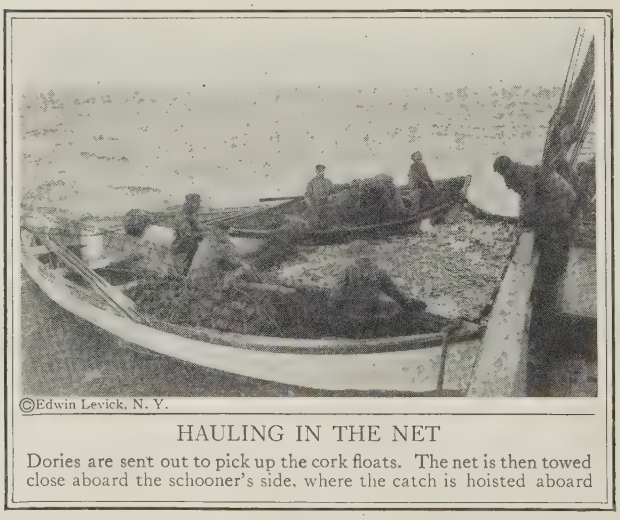
* See article on page 37.

as a rule, to kill the great, thrashing, beautiful monster. The makasi is caught from canoes at night, and, as large sharks often attack it, an upset canoe will sometimes involve a free-for-all fight, with the possible loss of a leg or an arm in the bargain.

Whaling has always been the big-game hunting of the sea. When the *Mayflower* dropped anchor off Plymouth, New England waters were very rich in whales. The Indians hunted them in their frail canoes, and speared them with rude, stone-headed harpoons, a feat which has few equals for sheer daring. Many dark-skinned sportsmen lost their lives in these dare-devil ventures.

To get close to a whale and drive a harpoon into it (with some twelve hundred feet of line attached); to take a long, fast ride, towed by the sea monster, paying out rope when he dives and pulling up on him when he swims upon the surface; finally to wear him out and, when he is exhausted, pull in close and give the death thrust with another lance—all this sounds like the biggest of outdoor sports. But, actually, it is a fierce and fearsome engagement. Many a man has been killed by a blow from the tail flukes of a whale, or drowned when his boat was capsized by the furious thrash of the monster. Some have died a more horrible death between the red jaws of the creature. Those that chase the "king of fishes" need to have an iron nerve—or else the luck of Jonah!

Those kind and plucky Quakers, who fled (from our Puritan Fathers) to Nantucket Island, built up a race of whalemen destined to be famous. The history of these Nantucket men and their thrilling contests with the deep-sea monsters reads like a legend from the days of the early vikings. They sailed farther and farther from home, eventually going far into the Pacific on cruises often lasting for two years or more, while their reputation as keen and daring whalers spread to every European port. The British—who never seemed to have much luck with whales—liked to seize Nantucket men to serve on British whalers, often offering them high pay to teach all they knew about the art.



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HAULING IN THE NET

Dories are sent out to pick up the cork floats. The net is then towed close aboard the schooner's side, where the catch is hoisted aboard

Poor Nantucket! A sand bar in her harbor spelled her ruin, for the large new type of whaling vessel couldn't clear it. Gradually her whalemen emigrated to New Bedford, and that port became the whaling Mecca of the

world. By the year 1845 a great fleet—some seven hundred vessels—hunted whales beneath the Stars and Stripes. In this year sperm whales alone yielded us nearly five million gallons of oil. But 1854 was the apex of the whaling "boom," when our catch was valued at $10,000,000—and a dollar meant something in those days!

From that time on, the industry has shrunk until to-day we have only forty ships at work. The whale has been driven from his familiar haunts and his only refuge now is in the polar regions, where a big fellow, weighing nearly eighty tons, can still enjoy some privacy and sea room.

Brown Bros.

BAITING

There are no idle moments on a fishing boat. As the ship makes her way out to the fishing ground, lines must be made ready, bait cut up and got in readiness for use as soon as the destination is reached

Since European sailors in the days of "Good Queen Bess" brought home record catches from the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, these grounds—with that of George's, off the tip of Cape Cod—have become the gold mine of the Yankee fishermen. From all the New England ports swarmed the fishing craft, and as early as the year 1732 one hundred and twenty ships fished the banks from the port of Marblehead alone. But great industries tend to centralize, and gradually Gloucester absorbed the fishermen of the coast from New London up to Halifax. To-day she ranks as the world's greatest fishing port, a base for able fishermen of nearly every race.

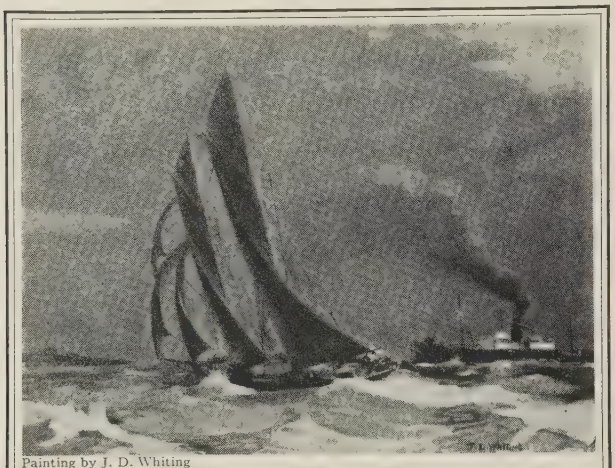
"Russ, German, English, half-breed, Finn, Yank, Dane, and Portugee,
At Fultah Fisher's boarding house they rested from the sea."

But it is still inheritance from the early Yankee type which gives character to the Gloucester fleets. The willingness to race their ships at every opportunity is an Anglo-Saxon trait, and one which makes our fishing fleet unequaled as a money maker.

But the build of the ships has much to do with that, for it is a long way from the leaky pinnaces that first found the banks to the fast, able, seaworthy schooners of to-day. E. K. Chatterton, the English nautical authority, says, "Off the banks of Newfoundland, cod-fishing, are to be seen the finest schooners in the world, which come out of Gloucester, U. S. A. For beauty of form, for speed, for sea-keeping qualities, they are little short of marvelous." It thrills a man to see them racing out to the banks in a breeze, their easy hulls careened well down into the heaving flood of foam, their sails set, like those of yachts in a race, to make every inch of canvas tell. And,

unlike the racing yachts, they can stay at sea no matter how wildly old Neptune runs amuck. In winter a Gloucester man will often "strip his poles" and ride out a howling gale that has driven every coastwise steamer into port.

The banks fisherman is ready to take risks to save the lives of others—friends or foes. Rough, profane, and often a roisterer, he has no end of thrilling rescues to his credit. As an illustration, here is a true incident, told me by a Gloucester man of the schooner *Dawn:*



Painting by J. D. Whiting

RACING INTO GLOUCESTER

All's well. A clear night, a fair wind, and a following sea; on the horizon, the breakwater light blinking its welcome to the returning fishermen

In 1910 the seiner *Eleanor* was dismasted in a storm and driven on outlying rocks. She slipped half off, filled rapidly, and was being ground to pieces when the schooner *Dawn* came up and stood by to take off the *Eleanor's* crew. The wind had abated, though the waves were running high, and the *Eleanor's* skipper decided to dare the big seas, in the seine boat, rather than remain and risk going down with the ship. After a breathless struggle the trip was made in safety, though one man's head was cut open in trying to board the *Dawn*. And then it was discovered that something had been forgotten! Some*thing*, did I say? No indeed, some*one*. The ship's dog, "Mr. Christopher," was still aboard the wreck!

"By the Lord!" said Captain Joyce, "I'm goin' to get that dog."

Picking a few good oarsmen, he made the perilous crossing, and plucked "Mr. Christopher" from the deck of the dying ship.

"Would you believe it," he said, "that little cuss was settin' on the cabin light with one ear up and t'other down, as calm as if the hull thing was a lark. He jest knew, that dog did, that we wouldn't leave him there? If the old seine boat had capsized we'd a got there to him, bottom up, paddling with our boots."

That's the kind of heart that beats beneath the oilskin jackets!

The death rate among American fishermen is still sadly impressive. Fishing schooners, swarming on the shallow banks, are often driven together by a sudden gale, at night. Thrown by the steep, half-breaking waves, they collide with fearful force and go to pieces in seas where a dory cannot live. Or a schooner is often struck, in a fog, by the mighty steel prow of a liner.

In 1857 a ship from Southport, Maine, set the example of fishing from dories, and soon proved that fish bite better at a distance from a vessel. This

practice is now universal—off Newfoundland—and has made our fisherman a very expert boatman. It has increased the dangers of the work, for the little dories are often lost in fog, and the dory men drift for days at the mercy of storms, starvation, and cold. Gloucester is always mourning some of her sons who have died this lingering death on the great, fog-bound Atlantic. Winslow Homer's famous picture, "The Fog Warning," shows vividly this aspect of the peril. He is the man who, above all others, pictures the rugged grandeur of the sea toiler.

Winslow Homer reached the art-loving public; it remained for Rudyard Kipling to bring the "down East" fisherman to the great mass of reading people. His "Captains Courageous" ranks as one of the best stories of the American fisherman. It is a plain picture of life on the banks as Rudyard Kipling found it.

Love stories, too, are enacted "out o' Gloucester," and romance runs like a golden thread through the weave of the fisherman's life. James B. Connolly was the man to bring this home to the American public in a series of Gloucester stories. Mr. Connolly knows the fishing fleet as no other living writer knows it. He knows the men and women of the coast—their viewpoint, their affections, and their foibles.

There are certain traits that mark the fisherman, whatever age he lives in and whatever sea he sails—traits developed by the lonely vastness of the sea and the hard uncertainty of his own reward. Unorganized and leaderless, with a grim indifference to labor unions too, they have a quiet, stubborn patience that smacks of the sullen power of the sea itself. Rough, poor, and generally illiterate, they have had a strong influence on history, as discoverers, as wealth producers, and as fighters. They are one of the silent forces not yet realized by those whose ears are tuned to the noisy peoples of the land.

Photo Edwin Levick, N. Y.

THE VIKING'S LEGACY ✣ ✣

The North Sea fishing fleet—ungainly but staunch and seaworthy boats that put out from North Sea ports. The men that sail them are descended from a race that has followed the sea for many centuries

THE BANK FISHERMEN

BY JAMES B. CONNOLLY

AUTHOR OF "OUT OF GLOUCESTER," "HEAD WINDS," ETC.

Photo Edwin Levick, N. Y.

A CORNER OF GLOUCESTER HARBOR

Schooners back from the banks, moored to the wharves in the shelter of Gloucester breakwater

Our American fishermen have two methods of catching fish on the banks, hand-lining and trawling.

In hand-lining, the older way, the men fished from the deck of the vessel. The great danger thereof lay in a fleet of vessels clustering around a good fishing spot—good fishing is usually found in shoal spots—and being caught with their anchors down by one of those bad bank storms.

Fishermen are good judges of bad weather; no better. They know when a bad gale is coming, but they also know that it is only one gale in a great while that will be too much for them; and the fishermen who up-anchor and fly before every coming gale do not bring home the fish.

So, huddled together, the dangerous bank to leeward, they used to stay there and take their chances; and thence came such disasters as that night on George's Shoal when one third of the fleet went down in a few hours. When a vessel goes down on the fishing banks in a storm, she always goes with all hands. One hundred and sixty-five men were lost in one little spot that night.

The prevailing bank method of fishing to-day is by trawling. A trawl is made up of a ground line of the thickness of a thin lead pencil, the same having attached to it at intervals of every three to four feet a short lighter weight line with a hook. The process is to bait the hooks, set this trawl along the ocean bottom, give the fish time enough to take the bait, and then haul in.

The men set these trawls from small boats called dories. Two men make up the usual crew of a dory. One man heaves the trawl out of a wooden tub, while the other rows the dory. When the trawl is all set—one end anchored to the bottom, the other marked by a floating buoy—the dory men await a signal from the vessel, which is cruising in and out among them, to haul back.

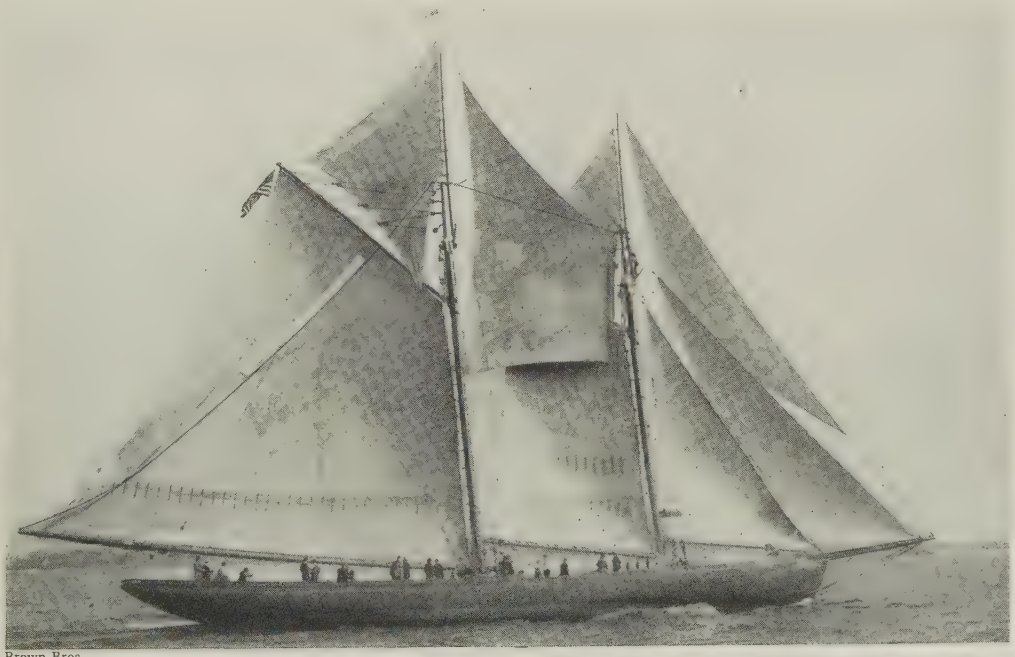
Four or five times a day they will leave the vessel and return with their catch. When night comes they dress the day's catch and stow it in the hold of the vessel; then they turn in, except of course those that have to stand watch. To stand in a pitching dory and haul in a mile or so of heavy trawl

on end demands strength and endurance under the best of conditions; to do it in cold, boisterous winter weather, with the ever-present danger of your dory capsizing or drifting far away from the vessel, calls for a hardy, courageous type of man, a man, above all, who does not worry overmuch about being drowned.

Men who go winter trawling are physically tough men in the beginning; keeping at it for years develops an amazing endurance. You hear of them living through six, eight, ten, yes, and eleven days in a dory, with no food or water through it all except a quart bottle of water, which they usually drink up within an hour after leaving the vessel.

They live through incredible experiences without breaking down. Howard Blackburn and his dory mate went astray on the Grand Banks one day in February from the schooner *Abbie Deering*. After hanging around for the rest of that day and the night that followed, and no vessel coming along to pick them up, the two men decided to row for the nearest land.

They had gone astray on Tuesday or Wednesday morning; they started to row for Newfoundland, a hundred miles or so northwesterly from them. All day Wednesday they rowed, and all Wednesday night. All day Thursday they rowed. Thursday afternoon came on a cold, hard nor'west wind and some sea; the sea spraying aboard the dory made ice. They had to stop to knock the ice off the dory. That meant slow and hard going.



Brown Bros.

THE SCHOONER *ESPERANTO*, PRIDE OF GLOUCESTER ✣ Note the grace of her bow and stern, the tapering stream lines of her hull, the slight rake of her masts and expanse of sail—characteristics that make Gloucester schooners the fleetest and most graceful fishing craft in the world—and the most seaworthy

Thursday night Blackburn's dory mate said he could row no longer, whereat Blackburn said to him: "Better keep on rowing. You will freeze to death if you don't. Keep yourself warm some way."

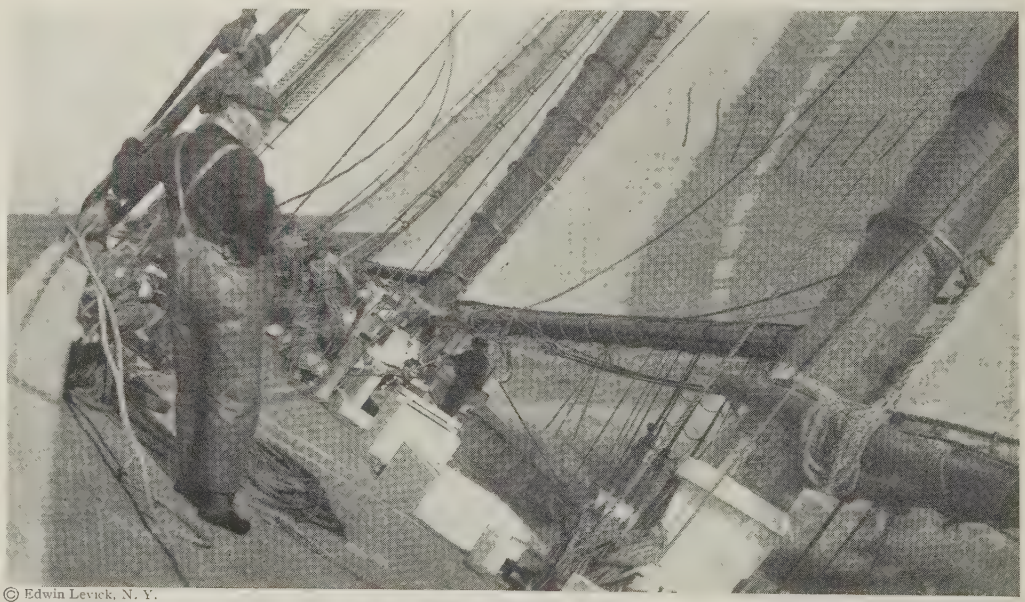
His mate said: "I can't—I'm done!" He went to the stern of the dory and lay there all hunched up. Blackburn stuck to his rowing; when morning came his dory mate was frozen stiff in the stern of the dory.

Blackburn stuck to his oars. The wind stayed in the northwest, and a northwest wind is the coldest of all winds on the North Atlantic. Despite his rowing, Blackburn began to see his hands were going to freeze. When he made up his mind that he could not save them, he curled them carefully around the handles of the oars and held them so that they would freeze in such a shape that he could continue to row; and they *were* so frozen, and he kept on rowing.

After five nights he made the coast of Newfoundland. He rowed his dory to a little bay. To release his frozen hands he had to knock the ends of the oars together and slide his hands horizontally off.

He beached the bow of his dory on a little shelf of land. There were some fishermen's shacks up from the beach; he went up to the nearest shack and knocked on the door with the bare knuckles of his frozen hands. Two men answered the knock. One, after a quick look at him, said: "Come in and have a cup of tea." Blackburn said: "Not now. I want you to come down and help me take my dory mate ashore."

They came down with him; he stepped into his dory, picked up his dory



© Edwin Levick, N. Y.

CLOSE-HAULED ON THE PORT TACK — A full spread of canvas and heading close into the wind; skimming along at about twelve knots, with the lee rail awash. A thrill unknown to the landlubber, and one which can be equaled only in an airship

© Edwin Levick, N. Y.

"FLAKING DOWN"

Emergencies are so frequent at sea that they almost become commonplace, and the constant danger of a squall or a sudden shift of wind makes it imperative that all lines "be clear for running." As soon as the sails are hoisted and the ship set on her course, all hands go about deck coiling halyards and sheets, so that these lines may be ready to slacken or tauten at a moment's notice

mate, and held him over to the men on the bank. The body, covered with ice, slipped down between the dory and the bank into the water. The men on shore said: "He is gone." Blackburn said: "No. He is not gone." He dropped overboard and stood on bottom—there was seven feet of water there. The next thing the men on the bank saw was the frozen body coming up out of the water on top of Blackburn's frozen hands.

Blackburn lost all his fingers and toes. He could go fishing no more. In Gloucester they raised $500 to set him up in a little business. His recreation later was sailing small boats and dories across the ocean alone. He once sailed alone from Gloucester to Spain in a 21-foot boat in thirty-six days.

Almost any old bank fisherman can tell you of a few terrific experiences of his own; and when he does speak of them, humor rather than gloom marks the recital.

One day in Gloucester I met Jack Mason, who had just come back from an experience that men still talk about in Gloucester. He was one of three men who had hung on to the bottom of a capsized dory for six hours in a rough sea; the other two had given out, slid off, and drowned.

"Must've thought you were gone, didn't you?" I said to Mason after he had finished telling the bare facts of his adventure.

"Oh, I thought I'd hauled my last trawl all right."

I have always been curious to know just how great adventurers feel when they find themselves hanging over the edge of the great abyss, so I asked:

Courtesy Art News — From a painting by C. R. Patterson

"TURNING THE BUOY"

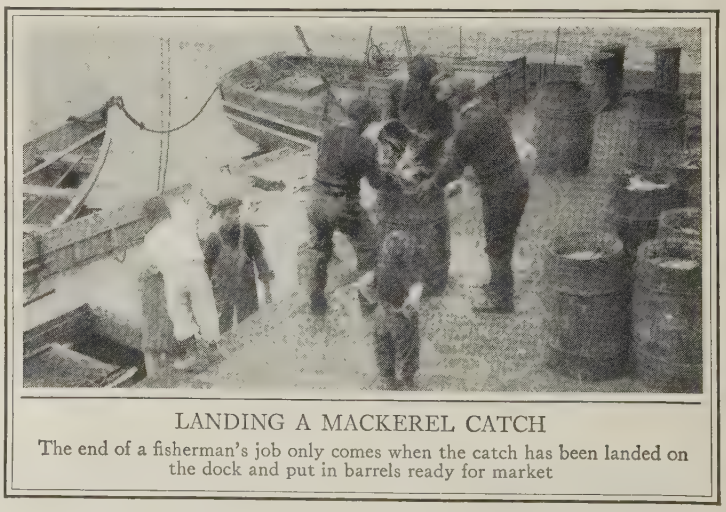
An exciting moment in the International Fishermen's Race and one that tests the skipper's skill. A brisk breeze, topsails set, running close-hauled on the port tack—soon, a sharp turn to starboard. Can he make it without snapping his spars?

"What were you thinking of before the vessel came along and picked you off?"

"I'll tell you, boy. You naturally expect bad weather in winter, don't you? And fine weather in the spring? Of course. Well, here it was a May—the height o' spring. I thought it was darn tough to go fishin' all winter and then be lost in the spring."

A bank fisherman is a skilled craftsman. To cut bait and bait up six hundred hooks of a trawl in thirty minutes calls for skill. (There are those who can do that inside twenty minutes.) To steer a big schooner running before a gale of wind calls for skill and nerve. To handle a big schooner in an ordinary emergency calls for skill. To heave and haul trawls properly, handle a dory, handle sail, dress and stow fish aboard a vessel—these things call for skill, and something more.

These are skilled, intelligent men, and there is no great money in the fishing—why do such men take to such a life? Well, most of them take up that life because their fathers were fishermen before them. Many of them would not feel right in any other life. But there is something more than that to it. They may not make enough to pay for their tobacco after a hard trip, or they may make a big trip; but however that comes out it is still a free man's job; a free man, not an undisciplined man. I do not know of any better disciplined men anywhere than a good crew of bank fishermen. Men who have been brought up with the skipper may call him by his first name, but he is the skipper, the commander, and when he gives an order they do not merely carry it out; they jump to carry it out. Usually he is the best man in



LANDING A MACKEREL CATCH

The end of a fisherman's job only comes when the catch has been landed on the dock and put in barrels ready for market

DRYING SAILS

Not the aftermath of a Gargantuan wash-day, but merely the result of the sails having been exposed to the rain and for the purpose of protecting the duck fiber from rot and mildew

the vessel; when he quits being a capable skipper good fishermen quit him.

They stick to it, why? Well, I knew one who, after a terrible experience out at sea, came ashore saying he was done with fishing. He got a job in a factory. He was telling me one day how soft it was: "I don't have to be there till *eight* o'clock. Then a soft trick to twelve o'clock and the whistle blows. We turn to it at one o'clock. At five o'clock the whistle blows and we're through for the day. Then it's home, with my feet in slippers in the warm kitchen, or out to a movie in the evenin'. No more going over the side on a dory-killing day; no more getting up at four o'clock of a winter's mornin' to bait a tub of trawls in a frozen hold; no more haulin' a trawl with one eye to wind'ard to see the dory don't capsize; no more freezin' your face standin' to a vessel's wheel in a nor'-wester."

The next thing I heard he was fishing again. When I met him I said: "What was the trouble—too many whistles down at that factory for you?"

"N-no—though they did come so reg'lar they sort o' got on my nerves. It was the man in charge. If you could see the person I had to take orders from! Gosh! if we had him out on the banks we wouldn't cut him up for bait."

These bank fishermen have the greatest fleet of seagoing schooners in the world's history. They are tremendously proud of the beauty, the speed, and the ableness of their craft. With such vessels and their own superb seamanship they do wonderful things. During the last America's Cup Races the two competing boats did not race one day because it was blowing too hard—a twenty-five- or thirty-mile breeze. In the last anniversary race held off Gloucester, the wind blew sixty miles an hour by the weather bureau report, yet every fishing captain sailed out that day with all sail set, and three of them put out with their halyards lashed aloft! And they lashed the halyards aloft so that there would be no cutting them to save the vessel from capsizing; a man would have to go aloft to do the cutting, and before a man could get aloft his skipper would have time to head him off.

There was a Boston reporter who covered that race from the rocks of Marblehead. From there he saw the fishermen pass on their way to the buoy of Minot's Light. He saw them pass, and went right back to the office. The city editor spied him. "What you doing here? I thought you went down to

Photo Edwin Levick, N. Y.

REST AT LAST!

No more long night watches, no more tricks at the wheel; a snug berth alongside the dock and "home with the wife and kids" for a few hours; if lucky, perhaps a few days—that is the dream of the deep-sea fishermen when the gale whistles through the straining rigging

cover that fishermen's race?" The reporter replied: "I did, but there's no *race*. There's only a lot of foolish fishermen out there trying to drown themselves."

When the winner of that race crossed the line in a living gale and a high-running sea, an enthusiastic old Gloucester man leaped into the air and shouted: "The *Harry Belden* wins! The able *Harry Belden*, sailin' across the line on her side an' her crew *sittin' out on the keel*."

Which wasn't a bad description at all.

Great vessels; and great seamen manning them. Steamers, five, six, eight, or nine hundred feet long, with tens of thousands of steam horsepower, their bridges as high as the mastheads of the little fishing schooners—those steamers come in regularly and tell of terrific storms crossing the banks. The bank fishermen, out in the same storms, out there all the time, and with no ten or twenty or forty thousand horsepower to help them out—they come in with never a word to say. Bad weather is part of the day's work. Why bother talking of it?

They are great men; but they are passing. Steam fishermen are coming into vogue, and the steamers do not demand the old high-grade qualities. Steam fishermen do not have to be great dory men; they do not have to go out in the dories at all; they do not have to be skillful sailormen, great helmsmen in a gale. Steamer men get a certain fixed wage, not an uncertain big or little share; theirs is an industry, not an adventure.

Not many years now and we won't be seeing any more of the great old bank fishermen. A great pity, and a great loss. And yet, the lesson of their great work may not be lost. My own notion of it is that the men who have to do the supreme desperate things in generations to come—the men who will handle the craft on the sea, or under the sea—will look back to those great old fishermen and say: "They were great people. Let us do as well as they did and we'll have something to talk about."

TOILERS OF THE SEA

THE TASKS OF THOSE THAT "DO BUSINESS IN GREAT WATERS" HAVE APPEALED TO PAINTER AND POET ALIKE. HERE ARE SHOWN VARIOUS SCENES OF LIFE AND LABOR ON THE SEA AS PICTURED BY FAMOUS MASTERS

In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

"BOATMEN AT BARCELONA," By V. D. Baixeras

"They fish because their fathers fished, and their fathers' fathers; because, deep in their blood, the spirit of the adventurer mingles with a love of open sky, of the varied freedom unknown to office, factory, or farm. They are the gypsies of the sea. Routine stifles them and cities kill them. Gentlemen, salute the deep-sea fisherman! In this neurotic age we may well envy him his simple code of life, his rugged strength and uncomplaining courage."—JOHN D. WHITING

"FISHER-FOLK," By Albert Edelfelt, 1854–1905

TOILERS OF THE SEA

AND ARTISTS THAT HAVE PAINTED THEM

BY OLIVER S. BARTON

NOTHING on this round globe has more of interest or fascination for mankind in general than the ocean in its never-ending moods. "Perhaps," suggests John C. Van Dyke in "The Opal Sea," ". . . the sea was the cradle of us all. . . . A sail! We have an interest there. There go our friends and kindred. Will they come back from the roaring sea successful, or will those sails fade into the Great Silence? What wonder that hopes and fears and prayers should go with her, and that eyes should strain after the white canvas until it drops below the verge?"

The mystery and grandeur of the sea have inspired painters since the world of art began. From the far north to the sunlit waves of the south, from Finland to Spain and our own beloved country, artists of all periods and schools have dedicated to the sea their talents and time.

An artist of rare ability and strength of expression, Albert Edelfelt is known in Finland, his native land, for his faithful interpretations of sea life. Two paintings of his are reproduced, one on the cover of this issue of The Mentor, the other in gravure. "On the Sea" has all the breeziness of northern waters; the boat scudding before the wind, the eyes of both father and daughter riveted on the bow, watching for any sudden, whimsical shift in wind or sea. Edelfelt's "Fisher-folk" is a powerful characterization of a sturdy people. The color is fine, the arrangement simple and decorative. Keenly the man looks out to sea, while his companions sense the seriousness of the work at hand and the approaching good-by.

Emile Vernier, who loved to "spend his brush" upon fisher-folk, has caught the true feeling of the gray French shore in his "Selling Shellfish"—one of the most admired canvases in the Lenox Gallery of the New York Public Library. The busy peasant women are, with French thrift, making a bargain on the shore for the harvest the waves have brought in. All along the French coast artists have lingered and found attractive scenes to paint.

Bernhard Blommers, a Dutch painter of the "varying sea," was habitually an interpreter of joyous subjects, the pathetic or sorrowful note rarely prevailing. A true impressionist, he painted a scene as a whole, rather than as

an incident, and so stirred imagination in the onlooker. In 1912 he was sent to America by the Dutch government to paint the portrait of Andrew Carnegie. This, though successful, was less characteristic of his style than his studies of coast life.

One of the most famous of modern Dutch painters was Albert Neuhuys, born in the old university city of Utrecht in 1844. He died in Switzerland nine years ago. It was early discovered by his masters that he had a sound and original artistic sense. His strength lay in his independence and individuality. His portrayal of Dutch peasantry is true in color, line, and composition.

Unquestionably the two greatest exponents of humble Dutch and Flemish life were Anton Mauve and Joseph Israëls. Mauve, born in 1838, died in 1888. When his end came, Israëls, his lifelong friend, exclaimed, "And where shall we find another Mauve—I have lost a friend, but the country has lost an artist!" He preferred pastoral scenes—"Nature in her youth and freshness, and times of fertility." But though he delighted to paint sheep and green fields, the sea called him, too. Mauve was a pupil of Van Os, and was also much influenced by Francois Millet, the great French painter, whose specialty was toilers too, but toilers of the earth. There are several of Mauve's works in American galleries.

Of all the Dutch painters of modern times none gained a stronger hold upon the public than the beloved Joseph Israëls, who at an advanced age died in 1911. Born of Jewish parents, he was first destined to be a rabbi. These plans were set aside when he entered his father's banking house to study commercial methods. Early showing a strong artistic bent, it was decided finally that he should give up business to study art. In Amsterdam he quickly leaped into a prominent place in the group of young Dutchmen beginning their careers two generations ago. There his genius first flamed. Later, he came under the influence of Delaroche in Paris, and for a time he struggled to express himself in terms that were foreign to his own taste and environment. Falling ill after his return to Holland, he took up his residence in a rude little village on the sea coast, where he lodged with a ship's carpenter. "Buried away among the sand dunes, far from the pretenses and contentions of the studios, the sea and sky stretching away into the distance, and simple fisher-folk around him, he began to see with his own eyes and to feed his imagination upon the realities. As Millet at Barbizon, so he at Zandvoort began to discover artistic material for his brush in the big-framed men and women uncouth from the daily repetition of hard toil; to enter with sympathy into their lives of patient endurance; and to include in

Courtesy Boston Museum of Fine Arts

"THE FOG WARNING," By Winslow Homer, 1836–1910

"SELLING SHELLFISH," By Emile Vernier, 1832–1887

his study of humanity what was so intimately associated with it—the sea and sky and land and the interiors of the homes."

From Israëls and the misty skies of Holland to the golden shores of Italy and Ettore Tito is a long step. By many Tito is considered the greatest of living Italian painters. Facile in landscapes and figures, he is particularly gifted in marines. He comes from Castellamare di Stabia, where he was born in 1860, but he has worked mostly in Venice. His drawing is fluent and direct. One of his paintings, popular through frequent reproduction, is "In Venetian Waters," a picture distinctive for its supple grace of movement and tranquil charm. "The Cable," done with broader, stronger sweeps of the brush, is in forceful contrast. Another Italian, Beppo Ciardi, member of a noted family of painters, is also fond of vivid contrasts of light and shade and flowing harmonious lines. These qualities are present in his "Good-by," included in this series of gravures.

The familiar "Boatmen at Barcelona" is by a native of that city, V. D. Baixeras. He studied in Paris, and exhibited there and in his own country. The three old tars sitting quietly in their boat, smoking and spinning yarns, are bathed in a soft yellow light, and there are glints of blue in the water, reflecting the vivid tone of the Spanish sky.

Though Americans are not by tradition a maritime people, as are the Dutch or the English, it is a curious fact that American painters have excelled in interpreting the sea and "those that fish in troubled waters." First of his countrymen to paint deep water truthfully was Winslow Homer. As a young man Homer used the ocean as a background for figures that suggested a story. Eventually he omitted the figures and indulged a growing passion for the onrushing power of waters surging in a gray torrent, or beating against a black shore of rock. "The foundation of Winslow Homer's art was simple truth," says one of his biographers, "and resulted in his pictures being universally popular and easily understood. He expressed the grandeur of the ocean without effort, and always directly. He was practically self-taught and created his own method. He painted the ocean with a power not excelled by any painter in the entire history of art."

The list of this renowned American's works includes, among many other studies of seafarers, "The Fog Warning." A lone fisherman plies the oars of his Cape Cod dory while he anxiously watches the bearing of his schooner as the fog settles down. Charles H. Caffin, in his "Story of American Painting," declares: "The very titles of Homer's pictures tell their own direct tale. In the 'Life Line,' 'Undertow,' 'Eight Bells,' 'All's Well,' and others, he caught the spirit of the life; the tragedy that underlies its faithful routine of duty; the unconscious bigness of it all, as Kipling did in his word-picture of the Gloucester fishermen in 'Captains Courageous.' To Homer the study of this life meant the enlargement of his own, a deepening of his motive, the gradual realization of his own power as an artist."

After Homer, born in Massachusetts, came another New England painter of coast life, Charles W. Hawthorne. Hawthorne was born in Maine of seafaring people, and early in his artistic life studied with William M. Chase on Long Island. His "Fisherman's Wife" is in the Corcoran Gallery, Washington; his "Net Mender" in a Providence gallery; his "Madonna of the Fishermen" in the City Art Museum, St. Louis. Numerous other canvases represent him as a portrayer of scenes associated with the ocean.

Fishermen are favorite subjects with Gari Melchers. Though now a resident of New York, he has passed the greater part of his career abroad. At the age of seventeen he entered Dusseldorf Academy. Later he studied in France. His work has been shown in all the principal exhibitions of European art centers during the past thirty-five years, and he has frequently been the recipient of honors and medals. To an unusual degree Melchers has put himself in touch with the lives of the toil-worn people he paints—those that work while their women weep,

> "Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
> And the harbor bar be moaning."

"IN VENETIAN WATERS," By Ettore Tito, 1860–

"THE HELPING HAND," By Emile Renouf, 1845–1894

The original of this painting is in the Corcoran Gallery, Washington. It is the most familiar and the most popular of Renouf's works. The gentle tolerance of the old grandfather's expression as he pulls a strong oar is cleverly contrasted with that of the child, who seriously imagines she is "lending a hand"

"ADIEU!" By Beppo Ciardi, 1875–

A moving episode in the life of those that follow the sea: resignation for those that remain ashore and expectation for those that leave—for both poignant emotion. How beautiful the sunlight, and how effective the grouping of the excited women and children on the shore!

"THE SHIPS ARE COMING," By Gregor Van Bochmann, 1850–

The artist, long familiar with the Baltic and North Sea coasts, interprets with understanding the liveliness of the scene when the fishing fleet returns and suspense gives way to rejoicing

"THE SHIP CARPENTER," By Gari Melchers, 1860–

Characteristic of this artist's deft workmanship. His fresh and honest methods have earned him a reputation abroad as well as in his native America. Fisher-folk and peasants are his favorite subjects. Detroit is proud to claim him as her son

"WE HAVE TOILED ALL NIGHT AND CAUGHT NOTHING," By Gerrit Beneker

The picture here reproduced ranks high among those that have come from this American artist's brush. Well constructed and soundly painted, it expresses the stoical acceptance of a fate that is too often the fisherman's portion—a night's toil gone to naught

"READY ABOUT," By Eugene L. Vail, 1857–

"Helm's a-lee. Main boom amidships!" is the command. Sturdy hands pick up the water-soaked lines, strong backs bend as they tug away at the taut main sheet.

"THE CABLE," By Ettore Tito, 1860–

A Tito done in heroic manner. The glorious figure of the young woman helping to haul in the boat, recalls, by her wind-blown draperies, the "Victory of Samothrace." The whole work is so composed and painted as to give an impression of the strength the sea imparts to its followers

"BY THE SEA," By Anton Mauve, 1836–1888

At Scheveningen on the coast of Holland, Mauve frequently found subjects to inspire him. like this group—a strong example of his marine style. Here are horses, old in service, hauling up snub-nosed boats with stained brown sails, that will be left high and dry on the sand till unloaded

"THE BARK," By Hugo Poll, 1867–

Poll, a pupil of Bouguereau, though best known as a portrait and genre painter, has manifested sincere feeling for the sea and its toilers. In "The Bark," the face of the young boy is especially to be noted. Dreaming of days to come, his gaze dwells on the horizon, while his elders ply the great oars

"FISHERMAN'S CHILDREN," By Bernhard J. Blommers, 1845–1914

It was in the studio of the celebrated William Maris that Blommers executed this famous picture—a delightful work filled with the silvery light of the sea and the careless joy of youth

"BALL IN BRITTANY," By Lucien Simon

Behold Brittany fisher-folk celebrating some festal day, or the return of long-absent friends. The reds blues, and browns of gala dresses come out strongly under the lamplight. We feel the swing of the dance, and enjoy it with these children of the sea, who for a time forget the bleak drudgery of their tasks

"ON THE BRITTANY SHORE," By Fernand La Gout-Gerard

A well-arranged picture of an evening scene in Brittany: women and children in characteristic costume silhouetted against a darkening sky; boats in the offing indicating the life lived on this rocky coast—a life filled with anxiety, hope, peril, and simple pastimes

"THE MIDDAY MEAL," By Albert Neuhuys, 1844–

A good example of Neuhuys' sympathetic handling. Poverty, resignation, and a certain steadfast contentment are here—a hovering suspense too, for on the morrow who knows what sharp disaster may befall this lowly cottage

"EVENING AFTER THE STORM," By Joseph Israëls, 1824–1911

This picture was painted when Israëls was at the height of his powers. It is the evening after a storm. What has happened to loved ones far out on the deep? The old mother, the wife, even the silent baby at the table, are waiting in dread to hear the "twice-told tale" of the sea

Courtesy Macbeth Gallery, New York

"THE WIDOW," By Charles W. Hawthorne

Hawthorne in his latest and best manner. The bereaved mother, holding in her arms her fatherless babe is beautifully placed against a somber sky and sea. The half-masted flag in the background suggests the toll of the tempest that has left her to tread life's path alone

BIRDS THAT CATCH FISH FOR MEN

Cormorants and How They Are Trained

Unlike herons, pelicans, and some other birds, the cormorant makes a regular business of fishing. He is a professional, not an amateur. He employs sound tactics, uses his wits and energy, and even stakes his life on the result of the game. He earns not only his own living but also the living for many a family on the coast of China and Japan.

While riding on a Chinese junk up the canal from Huchow to Hangchow, China, I saw a fleet of forty skiffs, with about a dozen cormorants on each skiff. Each craft had a captain who stood erect with a pole which he used in shoving off his crew of greedy fishermen. An English traveler describes the place where the famed fishing bird is bred and instructed in the practice of supplying his owner with fish. "On a large lake in China are thousands of small boats and rafts built entirely for this species of fishery. On each boat or raft are ten or a dozen birds, which, at a signal from the owner, plunge into the water; and it is astonishing to see the enormous size of fish with which they return."

At one time fishing with cormorants was a favored sport in England. The birds were taught to fish in much the same fashion as falcons were trained to hunt in the air. During the reign of King James, the office of "Master of Royal Cormorants" was created. The cormorant station of King James was located at Westminster on the Thames. In recent years the sport has been revived to some extent in England.

Young birds are taken from the nest, tamed and trained, or else old cormorants are trapped and taught the rules of the game. Their master keeps them for a time and feeds them until they become accustomed to him. With a line fastened to a leather anklet they are then taken out in a boat to fish; after every capture they are drawn in and forced to disgorge. When they have learned their lesson they are set free. Usually a ring or strap is fastened around the lower part of the cormorant's neck so that the catch may not pass below the elastic gullet, a roomy bag which is capable of holding sometimes ten or twelve good-sized fish at a time.

Brown Bros.

FISHING WITH CORMORANTS

On a Japanese lake, where fish are caught without rod, line, or hook, according to an ancient practice still regularly followed in the Orient

Cunning as a fox, the cormorant dashes quickly in and out among the rocks and caves in search of his prey. No wary fish can long escape his blue-green eye. At times he dives to great depths. If he catches a fish in the wrong position for a convenient swallow he adroitly tosses it into the air like a juggler and catches it as it falls. At the end of the day's work the collar is removed and the bird is permitted to fish for himself and swallow what he catches. He is about the size of an eagle, the common variety being thirty inches long and almost black. Thirty-five different species range canals, rivers, and fresh-water lakes in widely separated parts of the world. If one intrudes upon a cormorant rookery he will be met with much hissing and barking from the alarmed youngsters and an occasional low croak of fear from the older birds, which reminds one that the word "cormorant" is derived from the Latin term for "sea raven."

On the islands of Puget Sound cormorants roost indolently on picturesque rocks and cliffs, "looking like black bottles on a druggist's shelves, or, more elegantly and at closer quarters, like ebony statuettes on marble pedestals." They also inhabit the Columbia River, where they sit and fish, or sit by the hour, on rocks, drying their feathers in the sun. *Harriet Geithmann.*

THE ASSETS OF A WHALE

BY RICHARD DEAN

Just what were the products and profits of whaling in the old days, and what are they to-day? Contrary to a widespread belief, the industry still flourishes, though it has revolutionized its methods and prevails in regions where the old-time whalers rarely penetrated. The heyday of the old whaling industry was the first half of the nineteenth century. The whaling vessels were then all sailing craft, some not half so big as a modern Erie Canal boat. The hunters sought their prey in rowboats, usually flung the harpoon by hand, and towed the dead whale back to the ship to be "cut in" alongside and "tried out" on board—a dangerous, wasteful, and nasty business. The profits of a whaling voyage were always a lottery. Many a ship came home "dry," without a drop of oil. If any whales were taken, however, the voyage was pronounced a success, for it was reckoned that a single whale would cover all the expenses of a small vessel, and everything else was clear profit. From 1840 to 1860 the catch of American whalers averaged $8,000,000 a year. Unfortunately, the crews of the whaling ships often got but a meager share of the profits. Instead of wages, officers and men received a certain "lay," or percentage of the total receipts.

Modern whaling is efficient, businesslike, and almost devoid of danger. The whales are not taken from rowboats, but with a harpoon gun mounted at the bow of a swift steamer. After being harpooned, the whale is towed rapidly to a whaling station on shore or to a big floating factory that accompanies the whaling fleet. Practically the whole whale is now utilized, whereas formerly a large part was always wasted. Whale-meat meal, used for feeding cattle, is made from fresh whale flesh; and both flesh and bone are ground up to make guano, which is used as a fertilizer. Neither of these products was known to the old-fashioned whalers. The richest whaling ground to-day is in the far southerly Atlantic Ocean, on the verge of the Antarctic.

Of the products common to the old and the new industry, whale oil is, of course, the most important. Common whale oil is obtained by boiling the blubber of the various species of whalebone whale, while the more valuable sperm oil is obtained from the cavity in the head of the sperm whale, which has teeth in its mouth in place of whalebone. A big "right" whale sometimes yields more than 250 barrels of oil. Sperm oil is a valuable lubricant and is used for softening leather.

A whalebone whale yields hundreds of "slabs" of whalebone, often ten or twelve feet in length. More than a ton is sometimes found in a single whale. Before the Civil War the price of "bone" varied between 20 and 90 cents a pound. Nowadays it is worth from $5 to $7 a pound, and there is a rare variety known as "white bone" that brings upward of $30 a pound.

Ambergris, found in the intestines of diseased whales or floating on the water, has generally been accounted more valuable than gold. A "record" lump, found off the coast of Australia, weighed 926 pounds, and was valued at $135,000. This substance is still highly prized by perfumers, though its future is threatened by synthetic products of modern chemistry.

Courtesy U. S. Bureau of Fisheries

BUNDLES OF WHALEBONE

As received at the factories where it is cut and prepared for commercial use

Photo Brown Bros.

CUTTING UP A WHALE

The blubber is boiled to obtain whale oil, also called train oil, which is still considered indispensable in various industries

Courtesy U. S. Bureau of Fisheries

NEW ENGLAND SCHOONERS FISHING FOR COD ON THE NEWFOUNDLAND BANKS

The operation of these small Yankee vessels in British waters was the cause of friction between the English-speaking powers for nearly a hundred years

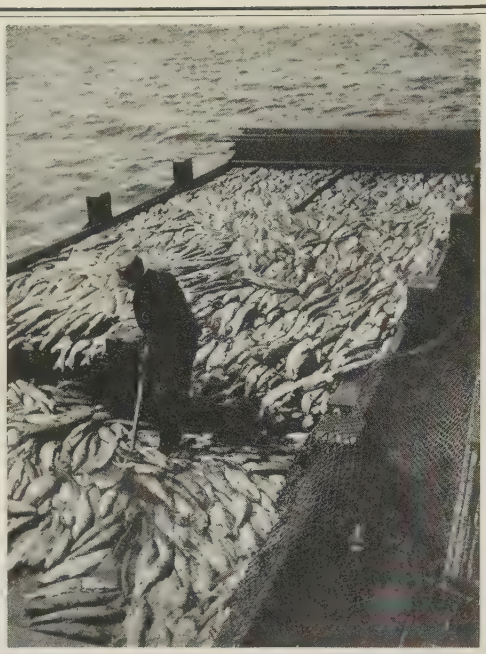
HISTORIC FISHERY DISPUTES AND AGREEMENTS

BY CHARLES FITZHUGH TALMAN

International disputes about fisheries are merely one phase of the long series of controversies over the freedom of the seas that have disturbed the peace of the world for hundreds of years. That the seas are free and the property of nobody was a maxim of Roman law. In the Middle Ages, however, and down to a comparatively recent time, it was common enough for a powerful maritime nation to claim sovereignty over great tracts of ocean. The republic of Venice was once the recognized mistress of the Adriatic; Genoa controlled the Ligurian Sea; and in 1493 Pope Alexander VI made his famous award of newly discovered lands to Spain and Portugal, which eventually led the former country to assert her jurisdiction over the Caribbean Sea and the Pacific Ocean, and the latter to claim the ownership of the Indian Ocean. Denmark for centuries claimed control of the fisheries lying between her shores and Iceland. Britons still assert in song that "Britannia rules the waves," and when these words were penned by James Thomson in the first half of the eighteenth century they were not regarded as a figure of speech. As late as the days of the Stuarts, Dutch fishermen were obliged to secure a British license to ply their trade in the North Sea.

Because old-fashioned cannon could shoot about three miles, it became a principle of international law that a nation owns the sea adjacent to its coast to a distance of three miles, or one marine league, from the shore. But this principle has not yet been accepted by all countries, and it has been variously interpreted by those that accept it. Does the "three-mile limit" follow merely the general outline of a coast, or does it bend into the mouths of bays, inlets, and big rivers? Are there "closed seas," in which certain countries enjoy special privileges, as distinguished from the high seas, which are open to all? Are Bering Sea and the Sea of Japan closed or open? Such are some of the questions over which diplomats and international courts have wrangled.

The most famous fishery dispute in which the United States has been concerned was unique in the fact that it had nothing to do with the high seas, but with the use by American fishermen of waters unquestionably belonging, except for fishery purposes, to another nation. In colonial days New England fishermen resorted in great numbers to the fishing grounds along the Newfoundland coast, where, of course, they had the same rights as other British subjects. The retention of these rights after the Revolutionary War was secured by the determined efforts of the American commissioners who negotiated the treaty of peace in 1783. John Adams, one of the treaty makers, declared that New England had "spent more in blood and treasure than all the rest of the British



THE SILVER HORDE

It is such rich harvests of fish as this that have given rise to protracted international controversies

Empire" in securing these rights in the days when they were a bone of contention with France, and that he would not put his hand to any treaty that did not guarantee them. The result of this stand was that for some years after the Revolution Americans had exactly the same freedom as the British to fish along both the Newfoundland and the Canadian coasts, and also to dry and cure fish on shore at various specified points.

After the war of 1812 Great Britain claimed that these rights were abrogated because, according to international law, all treaty obligations terminate with a declaration of war. The Americans, on the other hand, contended that the fishing rights were received as a part of the partition of the British Empire in North America. This contention is an interesting example of the fine distinctions with which diplomacy has to deal.

A seemingly harmonious arrangement agreed upon in 1818 merely inaugurated a new era of squabbles lasting more than ninety years. Not only were the United States and British governments at odds, but the colonial authorities in Canada and Newfoundland at times adopted different and mutually antagonistic policies with regard to American fishing rights, and, to make matters worse, the French had a long-standing quarrel with the British about fishing on the so-called "French shore" of Newfoundland, in which Americans became involved. In one case the United States had to pay a large sum of money to offset supposed advantages gained by American over Canadian fishermen.

Finally, in 1910, the Newfoundland fishery dispute was submitted to the Tribunal of The Hague. Hundreds of documents were presented in evidence, some of them dating back to the seventeenth century. The court virtually reëstablished the treaty of 1818, but cleared up doubtful points, and decided, among other things, that a bay was not to be regarded as part of the high seas unless it was more than ten miles wide at its mouth.

Our other famous fishery dispute with Great Britain was not about fish. We speak of seal "fisheries," as we do of whale "fisheries," in defiance of zoölogical classification. The most important fur-seal fishery in the world is that of Bering Sea, and the principal seal herd makes its home on the Pribilof Islands, which this country acquired from Russia along with Alaska. An American company enjoyed a monopoly of taking seals in these islands, and incidentally the United States Government derived a revenue from the business which in twenty years amounted to twice the sum paid to Russia for all her American possessions. In the course of time the industry was almost ruined by the depredations of foreign sealers, chiefly Canadians, who began killing seals in great numbers during their annual migration or while feeding in the water. Though these acts occurred beyond the three-mile limit of territorial waters surrounding the islands, the United States declared them illegal, on the ground that Bering Sea was not part of the Pacific Ocean, but a "closed sea," under American jurisdiction. The matter was submitted to arbitration in 1893. The international tribunal decided against the United States, but at the same time recommended certain measures to protect the seals. Finally, in 1911, a treaty signed by the United States, Great Britain, Japan, and Russia put a stop to "pelagic sealing" (the killing of seals in the water) for a period of fifteen years. An exception was, however, made in favor of the aborigines, who may thus kill seals for their own use.

The North Sea fisheries, the most productive fishing grounds in the whole world, have been under international control since 1882. The fishing vessels, of many nationalities, are all numbered and marked, and a code of police regulations is enforced by warships of the various European countries concerned.

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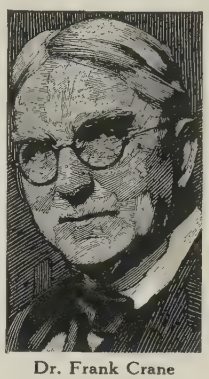

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STEVENSON AND THE "DEAD MAN'S CHEST"

Fifteen men on the dead man's chest,
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!
Drink and the devil had done for the rest—
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!

Perhaps no quatrain ever written has cast a more curious spell on our generation than these four lines in "Treasure Island." This "piece of rhythmic deviltry" has aroused the greatest amount of speculation and controversy. Many supposed it to be an old chantey, or sailor song, and let it go at that, while inquisitive ones ransacked book-shops and libraries to track down possible additional verses. The newspapers have been deluged with debates as to its origin. Finally it was given out by Lloyd Osborne, stepson of Robert Louis Stevenson, that the lines were original with the author of "Treasure Island."

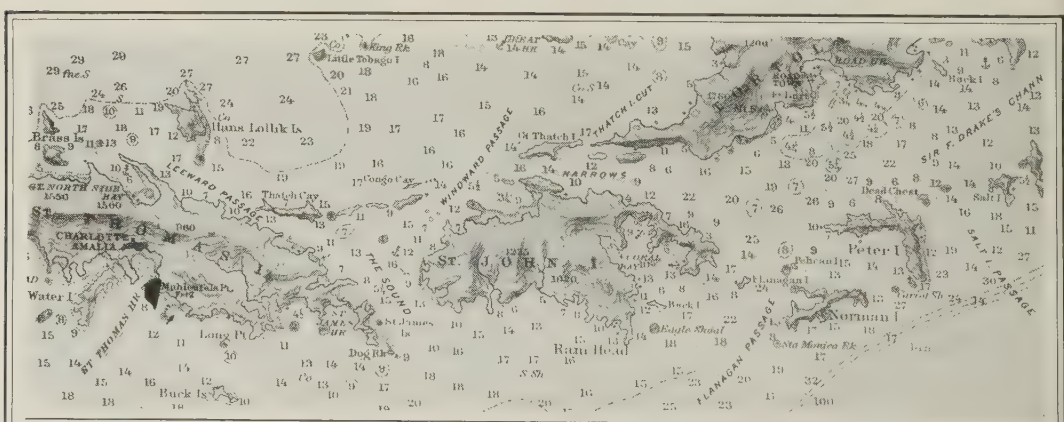
If Stevenson had lived, popular clamor doubtless would have compelled him to extend the fragment, but most literary critics agree that he could hardly have improved upon the complete version called "Derelict," supplied by Young E. Allison of Louisville, Kentucky. First printed in the Louisville "Courier-Journal," it has been published all over the English-speaking world.

In 1880 Stevenson wrote to Henley: "If this ["Treasure Island"] don't fetch the kids, why they have gone rotten since my day. Will you be surprised to learn that it is about buccaneers, that it begins in the 'Admiral Benbow' public house on Devon Coast, that it is all about a map, and a treasure, and a derelict ship, and a fine old Squire Trelawney, and a sea cook with one leg, and a sea song with the chorus Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum—(at the third ho, you heave at the capstan bars), which is a real buccaneer's song only known to the crew of the late Captain Flint? Two chapters are written and have been tried on Lloyd with great success; the trouble is to work it off without oaths. Buccaneers without oaths, bricks without straw."

The inspiration for the lines was a mere name, "The Dead Man's Chest," which Stevenson's eye lighted on in Charles Kingsley's "At Last," a volume of travel in the West Indies: "We were away in a gray, shoreless world of waters looking out for Virgin Gorda, the first of those numberless isles which Columbus, so goes the tale, discovered on St. Ursula's day and named after the saint and her eleven thousand virgins. Unfortunately, English buccaneers have since then given to most of them less poetic names, the Dutchman's Cap, Dead Man's Chest, Rum Island, and so forth."

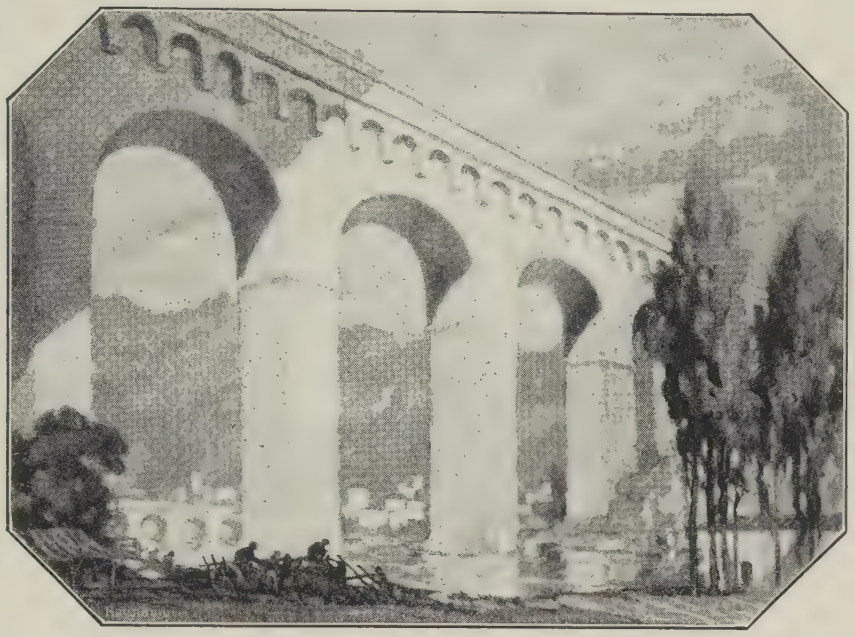
The fact that Stevenson did not capitalize the name seems sufficient proof that he did not refer to the island or know about it. But it is a curious coincidence that the second line of the song should contain the phrase "bottle of rum," as natives of the Virgin Islands commonly call Rum Island by this name.

Sherril Schell.



ROMANTIC WATERS

Lair of pirates who sailed the Spanish Main and hid their ill-gotten gold on shores remote from highroads of travel. The map shows the principal islands of the Virgin group, acquired by the United States in 1917. East of St. John, at the mouth of Sir Francis Drake's Channel, lies the box-shaped rock designated on the map as Dead Chest, but described by travelers as "Dead Man's Chest." Charles Kingsley's reference to this one-time haunt of English buccaneers caught the imagination of "R. L. S." and suggested to him the famous quatrain known and quoted the world over by readers of "Treasure Island"



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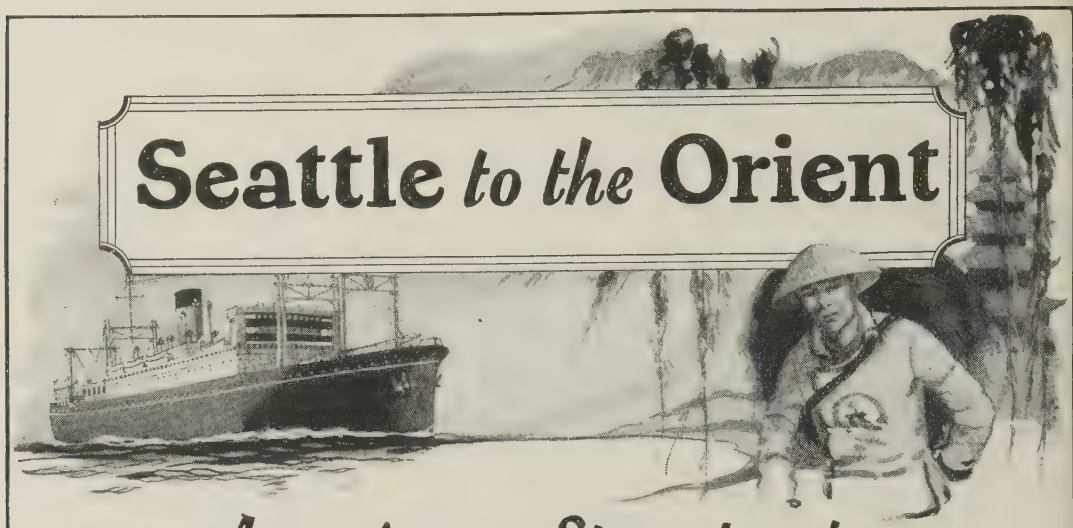

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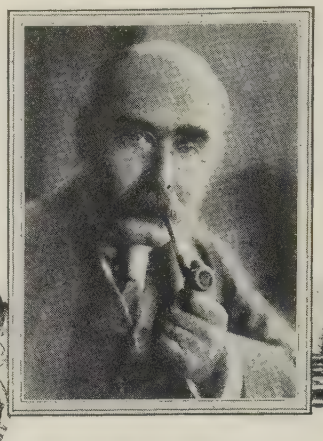
Where the flyin'-fishes play
An' the dawn comes up like thunder
outer China 'crost the Bay!

—*Mandalay*

Though I've belted you and flayed you,
By the livin' Gawd that made you,
You're a better man than I am,
Gunga Din!

—*Gunga Din*



So 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy Wuzzy, at your 'ome in the Soudan;
You're a pore benighted 'eathen but a first-class fightin' man . . .

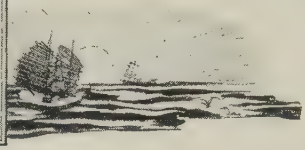
—*Fuzzy Wuzzy*

If you stop to consider the work you have done
And to boast what your labour is worth, dear,
Angels may come for you, Willie, my son,
But you'll never be wanted on Earth, dear!

—*Mary's Son*

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you. . . .

If



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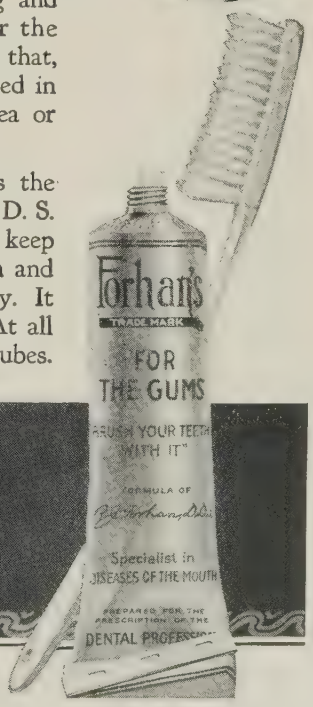

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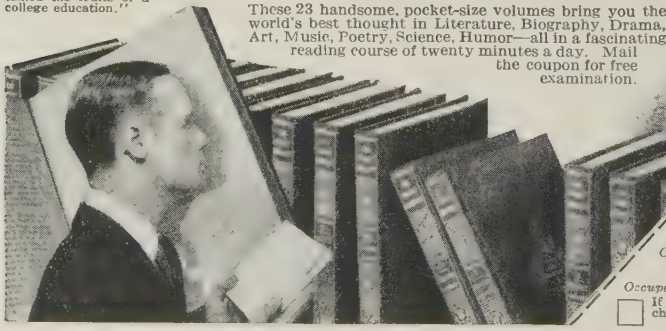

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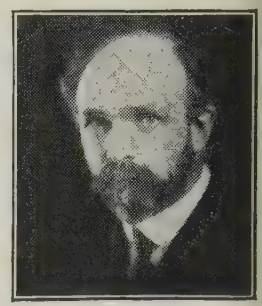

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Between you and I	or	Between you and ME
I DID it already	or	I HAVE DONE it already
WHO shall I call	or	WHOM shall I call
It's just AS I said	or	It's just LIKE I said
The river has OVERFLOWED its banks	or	The river has OVERFLOWN its banks
I WOULD like to go	or	I SHOULD like to go
I LAID down to rest	or	I LAY down to rest
Divide it AMONG the three	or	Divide it BETWEEN the three
The wind blows COLD	or	The wind blows COLDLY
You will FIND ONLY one	or	You will ONLY FIND one

2. How Do You Say—

evening	EV-en-ing	or	EVE-ning
ascertain	as-cer-TAIN	or	as-CER-tain
hospitable	HOS-pi-ta-ble	or	hos-PIT-able
abdomen	AB-do-men	or	ab-DO-men
mayoralty	MAY-or-al-ty	or	may-OR-al-ty
amenable	a-ME-na-ble	or	a-MEN-able
acclimate	AC-cli-mate	or	ac-CLI-mate
profound	PRO-found	or	pro-FOUND
beneficiary	ben-e-fi-shEE-ary	or	ben-e-FISH-a-ry
culinary	CUL-i-na-ry	or	CU-li-na-ry

3. Do You Spell It—

superCede	or	superSede	repEtition	or	repItition
recEIve	or	recIEve	sepArate	or	sepErate
reprEIve	or	reprIEve	aCoModate	or	aCCoMModate
donkEYS	or	donKIES	traffiCIng	or	traffiCKing
factorIES	or	factorYS	ACSeSible	or	ACCeSSible

ANSWERS

1.

Between you and me
I have done it already
Whom shall I call
It's just as I said
The river has overflowed its banks
I should like to go
I lay down to rest
Divide it among the three
The wind blows cold
You will find only one

2.

EVE-ning
as-cer-TAIN
HOS-pi-ta-ble
ab-DO-men
MAY-or-al-ty
a-ME-na-ble
ac-CLI-mate
pro-FOUND
ben-e-FISH-a-ry
CU-li-na-ry

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receive
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accommodate
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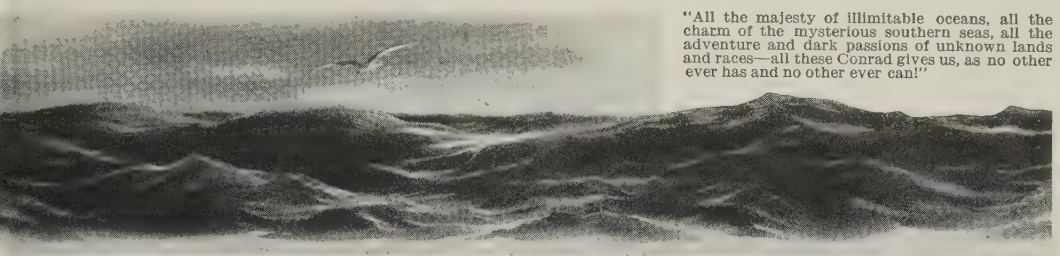

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Rex Beach says:
"I consider him the greatest living author in the English language."

Joseph Hergesheimer says:
"In all his novels there is a harmony of tone absolutely orchestral in effect."

John Macy says:
"Except Hardy, no living author has inspired among fellow-craftsmen such unanimous and sincere enthusiasm."

—and enough additional words of praise, similar to these, could be added, to fill this issue of The Mentor.

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Please send me for five days' free examination, charges prepaid, the ten volumes of Joseph Conrad. I will either return the set within 5 days or send you $1 as a first payment, and $2 a month for nine months, making a total of $19. (Deduct 5 per cent if full payment is made in advance.)

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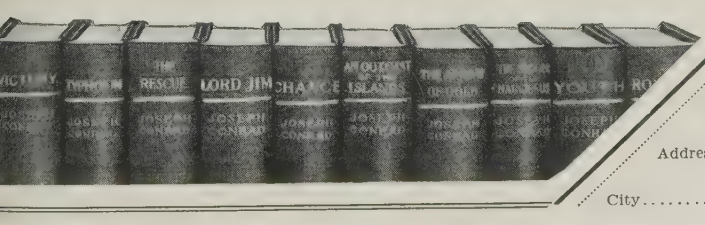

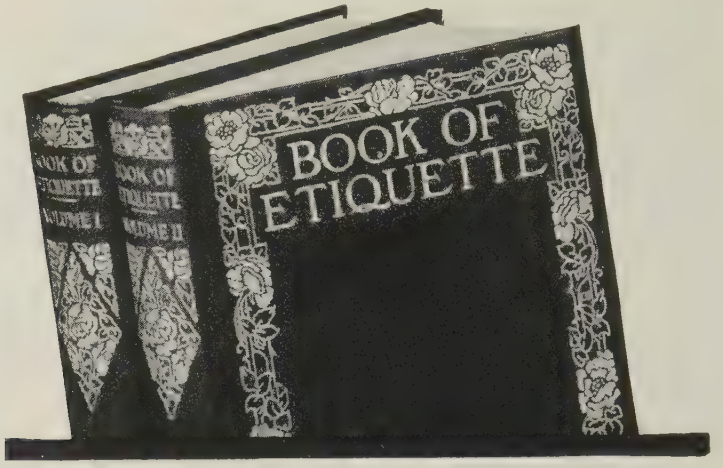

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Name .....

Address .....

☐ Check this square if you want these books with the beautiful **full-leather binding** at $2.98 with 5 days' free examination privilege.

(Orders from outside the U. S. are payable $2.35 cash with order.)

Will Mentor Readers Please Vote "Yes" or "No"?

Last month announcement was made in this magazine of the astonishing plan to give away, entirely free, 50,000 Lincoln Book-Ends. Now you are asked to state, before all the book-ends are gone, whether or not you want a pair free. Read below why this remarkable offer is made and why you are asked to vote "Yes" or "No."

"FIFTY thousand Lincoln Book-Ends to be given away." That was the announcement made in last month's Mentor. It explained that these book-ends, which are made of a beautiful, heavy bronzed metal, with the Lincoln bust in bas-relief, were to be given absolutely without cost in order to introduce the new set of thirty world's masterpieces of literature just published as an addition to the famous Little Leather Library.

The interesting story was told of how the unique idea of publishing great literature in convenient-sized volumes at a price that made it possible to purchase THIRTY complete books at the price of ONE ordinary book had its start, how it grew in public recognition, gradually at first, then gaining such impetus that over 20,000,000 Little Leather Library volumes were sold prior to 1923.

This significant fact was pointed out: that the hardest part in carrying out the idea was to distribute the first 50,000 sets. After that, "word-of-mouth advertising," the enthusiastic comments of purchasers to their friends, brought a tremendous demand from all over the world.

Now—a NEW set of 30 volumes

In the light of this experience, the publishers of the Little Leather Library realize that in placing the NEW set of thirty volumes before the public, the hardest part is going to be to secure distribution for the first 50,000 sets. After that the demand will grow naturally.

It was therefore decided to give away, with the first 50,000 sets, something so valuable—in addition to the extraordinary value inherent in the set itself—that immediate attention would be attracted to the unusual offer.

The Lincoln Book-Ends were selected as the valuable inducement to be offered. And the Mentor magazine was chosen as the means of bringing this offer before book-lovers.

The response was tremendous. From the very first day the magazine was in the hands of its readers, requests began to pour in. And it is evident that they will continue to do so for perhaps months to come. But as the main object was to secure *quick* distribution for the first 50,000 new Little Leather Library sets, it is desirable that the publishers know, just as soon as possible, exactly how many Mentor readers wish to take advantage of this free book-end offer.

The 30 NEW Titles:

A Tillyloss Scandal, Barrie; *Finest Story in the World, etc.*, Kipling; *Socialism for Millionaires*, Shaw; *On Going to Church*, Shaw; *The Land of Heart's Desire*, Yeats; *As a Man Thinketh*, Allen; *Christ in Flanders, etc.*, Balzac; *The Bear Hunt, etc.*, Tolstoy; *Pippa Passes*, Robert Browning; *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, Elizabeth Browning; *Comtesse de St. Geran*, Dumas; *Uses of Great Men*, Emerson; *Memories of President Lincoln*, Whitman; *Snowbound and Other Poems*, Whittier; *The Raven and Other Poems*, Poe; *The Murders in the Rue Morgue, etc.*, Poe; *Old Christmas*, Irving; *Ghosts*, Ibsen; *The Comedy of Errors*, Shakespeare; *Dream Children, etc.*, Lamb; *Irish Melodies*, Moore; *Lancelot and Elaine*, Tennyson; *The Holy Grail*, Tennyson; *The Trial of Socrates*, Plato; *The Importance of Being Earnest*, Wilde; *Pelleas and Melisande*, Maeterlinck; *Mumu*, Turgenev; *The Inferno*, Dante; *A Message to Garcia, etc.*, Elbert Hubbard.

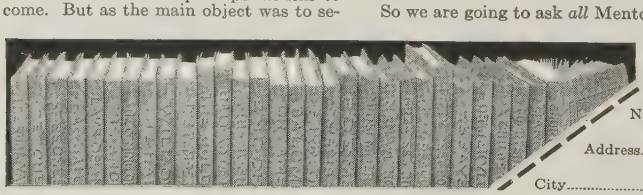
Why we ask your co-operation

So we are going to ask *all* Mentor readers if they will not co-operate to the extent of voting "Yes" or "No."

Will you, therefore, indicate your vote on the coupon below? Vote "Yes" if you want us to send you the thirty new volumes, whose titles are shown in the panel, together with a pair of the Lincoln Book-Ends FREE. Or vote "No" if you do not care to take advantage of this offer. If you vote "Yes," do not send any money; we will send you the thirty volumes and the book-ends with the understanding that you pay only the amazingly low price of the books, $2.98 for ALL THIRTY, upon arrival, plus the small delivery charge.

Then take thirty days for examination. Note the beauty of both book-ends and books. Note that the paper used in the books is a high quality white wove antique, equal to that used in $1.50 to $2.00 volumes; that the type is clear and easily read; that the binding, while NOT leather, is a beautiful limp material, tinted an antique copper and green and handsomely embossed—a replica of hand-tooled leather.

Then, if you do not feel that you have received many times the value of the small price paid, return the set and the book-ends within thirty days and your money, with postage both ways, will immediately be refunded. You take absolutely no risk. To vote "yes" simply means that you are willing to judge for yourself of the rare bargain now offered. But whether your vote is "yes" or "no," your prompt action in sending the coupon will be appreciated. Will you not mail it today?



Little Leather Library Corporation
Dept. 247
354 Fourth Avenue
New York City

Little Leather Library Corp., Dept. 247, 354 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

My vote is ☐ Yes ☐ No

If I vote "Yes," you may ship me the new set of 30 volumes of the Little Leather Library (and a pair of the Lincoln Bas-Relief Book-Ends FREE). I will pay the postman $2.98 plus the few cents delivery charge when the package arrives. It is understood, however, that this is not to be considered as a purchase. If the books do not in every way come up to my expectations, I reserve the right to return them any time within thirty days and you agree to return my money.

Name.....

Address.....

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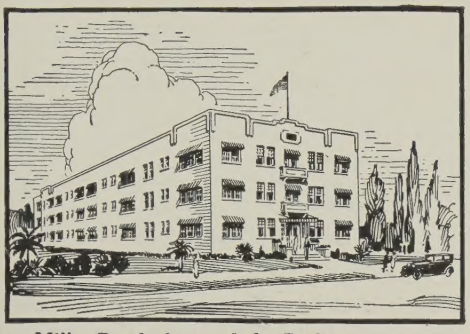

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THE MENTOR

W. D. MOFFAT
EDITOR

RUTH WOOD THOMPSON, *Assistant Editor*

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AN ECHO FROM EARLY O. HENRY DAYS

OF ALL the messages that have come to us in appreciation of the O. Henry number of The Mentor, the following story of school-day friendship and romance brings us nearest to the famous short-story writer. It is an offering from a Mentor reader who was a friend of Will Porter and a schoolmate of Athol Estes, his first wife. Mrs. Maltby, the writer of the following letter, was a Miss Page of Virginia, second cousin to Thomas Nelson Page. Her father was a Southern general, and after the war moved to Austin, Texas, where Mrs. Maltby spent her girlhood. She knew Athol Estes from 1884 to 1895, and was a close friend and companion during a number of those years. Her story, therefore, has all the value and interest that an intimate relationship imparts.

✣ ✣ ✣

Athol Estes should have appeared first on the list among "The Discoverers of O. Henry." Had she been an editor she would have accepted everything he wrote. As it was, she accepted him "for better or for worse" and gave in return her all—a wealth of love and loyal admiration.

I recall distinctly the first time I saw Athol Estes. We were "promoted" into high school. A proud occasion! Athol had long blond curls—the kind you love to twist about your finger. They bobbed up and down as she walked. Her hair seemed always too heavy for her head, tipping it back and tilting her long chin upward. Her eyes were blue-gray. She was vivacious and animated; quick in sympathy and movement, and had many friends.

For a few months in our senior year I "desked" with Athol. Her blond head just fitted cozily into the curve of my shoulder. Thus we studied—Athol reviewing her lessons, and whispering, "I had a wonderful time last night. Howard and Dick, and Will Porter were around. We sat on the steps and sang. As Will Porter would say, 'The neighbors who survived are still living.'"

She would produce from her books fragments of assistance. Will Porter had drawn her geometric figures and located A, B, and C. Also, he had helped her with her English. Comic illustrations bordered these offerings. The cartoon of "Kate and John," now in "The Rolling Stone," was one of these. "Here we have Kate and John. Will Kate fight John or rail at him? Oh, no! for Kate loves John. He bought her a nice ring."

As we pooled our efforts in school, I would copy whimsical bits from Athol's notes while she raved in my ear: "He is the cleverest thing! And so funny! I'm just crazy about him."

And so the vivid spring season passed. Athol coming to school each morning, her curls bobbing, her face aglow, and with quotations from Will Porter hovering on her lips. "He said this; he said that—bright and pithy!" I listened and did not believe. To me Will Porter seemed generally shy and wholly silent. When I met him, usually with Athol, he would listen to us silently, with an amused smile.

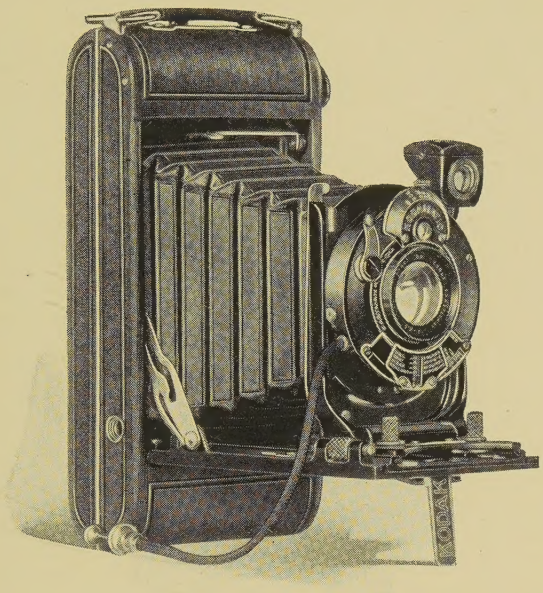
As June and graduation approached, Athol gathered up her curls from her shoulders and piled them high upon her head. She had grown up. She looked like a little girl playing "lady." With merciless disregard for the audience, it had been decided that *every member* of the graduating class must appear on the commencement program! There was to be an epidemic of essays. Athol, having a good voice, was to sing, also. And the subjects for those essays! "Beyond the Alps Lies Italy," "We Sleep, We Dream That Life is Beauty: We Wake, We Find That Life is Duty," and "Now the Hand of Fate is on the Curtain and Gives the Scene to Light" were among those present. There was to be nothing frivolous about that commencement.

The graduating exercises were on the first Wednesday in June. Three days before that date Will Porter and Athol eloped. On that memorable day, as they passed along the street discussing their plans, Athol was heard to say, in her quick staccato voice, "I'm firm, I'm firm as a rock!" "But rocks have sinking spells," he reminded her. On Wednesday night Athol was not present to sing her song or read her essay. Meeting her and Will Porter a few days later, I told them of the horrors of that commencement and congratulated Athol on her escape. "It was good of you to save her," I said to Will Porter. With his whimsical smile he rejoined, "I did not marry her to save *her;* I did it to save her audience."

There is no doubt in my mind as to who first discovered the genius of O. Henry. Athol Estes, the schoolgirl wife, recognized his genius, quoted and praised him, worshiped and adored him before the world knew him. One of the saddest things in life to me is the fact that Athol "went home in the dark." She never knew that the literary world gave to her beloved husband the recognition that her soul had given him in his early days.

It would please us to hear from others who have personal recollections of O. Henry. The fame of the great story writer grows with the years, and it is important that all information about him should be gathered while those that knew him still live.

W. D. Moffat
• Editor



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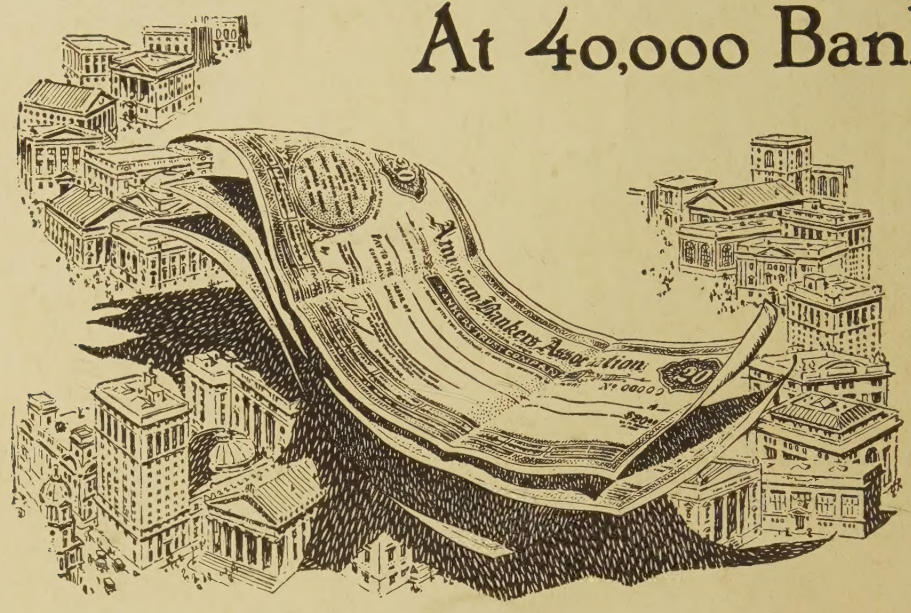

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